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THE LITTLE OLD LADY

THE CLEAN SWORD

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

FLYING OVER LONDON

THE OPINIONS OF JOHN CLEARFIELD

A LITTLE BOOK OF SERMONS

BY
LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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TO MY FRIENDS OF
CENTRAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
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A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

A NUMBER of the sermons printed in this book grew out of particular occasions and were connected with particular places. "The Ampler Puritanism" was preached in the Sherwell Congregational Church, Plymouth, England, on Sunday evening, September 5, 1920, at the Pilgrim Tercentenary service, attended by the Mayor and Corporation of the city. "The Renaissance of Religion" and "The Treasure" were preached in Carrs Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, England. "The Man of the Hour" was preached in The City Temple in London. "The Disillusionments of a Hundred Years" was preached in Sage Chapel, Cornell University. "The Land with a Friendly Face" was preached in Orchestra Hall, Detroit, on Thanksgiving Day, 1921, at a Community service organized by a Committee of Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews. The other sermons were preached in the pulpit of Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Detroit.

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I

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land.—Isaiah 32. 2.

THERE was a time in the American Civil War when all was not going well with the military activities of the Northern armies. It seemed clear that the fighting men were handicapped by lack of adequate leadership. A powerful American writer kept calling out so that the whole country heard, "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" The cry is not one which belongs to any particular place or to any particular time. The call for a leader is a perpetual human call. Sometimes the need becomes tragically poignant. Sometimes its urgency is not very deeply felt. But all the while the man of vital leadership is needed, and until he comes men wait and watch for him, as they wait and watch for the morning. They not only wait for him, but they

help to produce him. Out of their common aspiration, out of their common struggle, out of their common hope, he arises at last to do his work in the world. People must dream the right dreams and hope the right hopes if the highest sort of leader is produced among men.

Just now we are all watching the night sky for some star which shall guide us to the leader for whom we wait. We all have a feeling that much of the deepest meaning of contemporary life has not become articulate. We believe that there is a synthesis of the deepest things which are stirring in the hearts of men, and that out of this synthesis is to come the material for the making of the new day. We are waiting for the man who can think into totality all the confusing, palpitating elements of our life, and can be the critic and the prophet and the statesman of the new world. Perhaps there are to be a number of men who do this work. But we have a feeling that it must all come to commanding creative enthusiasm in the mind of one man before it can go forth in the activities of many alert leaders, and of the mass of

men and women everywhere. Hobbes' *Leviathan*, in a certain edition, used to contain an illustration of a composite man built up of many men. The leader in a democracy must in a sense have just this composite quality. And while we wait for him, it will be well for us all to be thinking and dreaming and hoping, analyzing the quality of the work which he must do, so that out of this common stock of meditation and hope shall be gathered the materials for his leadership as well as the materials with which he will work. In this fashion we will be hastening the day of the man in our own time who will be a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land.

1. In the first place, it is clear that the Man of the Hour when he comes must be a man of intellectual penetration. We mean more than intellectual discipline. The trained dialectician may be no more than a man who defends his prejudice with consummate brilliancy; we mean more than ripe culture, for culture may mean the

power to cause ivy to grow over ancient ruins while men are waiting for a wholesome and sanitary habitation. We mean more than a mind of infinite agility, ready to think thoughts of all kinds of men after them. For this sort of skill may mean the capacity to use all the watchwords without knowing the profound significance of any of them. We mean the quality of mind which adds to its disciplined dialectical skill, and to its wide ranging versatility and sympathy, a certain power of cutting to the heart of things, of finding the really defining element in a situation, of brushing aside the incidental and coming to the essential, and then of expressing the actually significant matter in phrases of that direct and notable simplicity which carries compulsion to the common mind.

II. Then the Man of the Hour must be a man of moral authority. Lord Robert Cecil has recently made some telling remarks having to do with the relation between a government and moral authority. And it may be said with complete assurance that the leader who will do for men

and with the help of other men the thing which most needs to be done must be a man whose power of moral command carries immediate conviction. There is a great difference between moral authority and moral assertiveness. Many men are willing to offer themselves as a sort of human conscience for the period, who would substitute loudness of voice for ethical insight, and vigor of expression for the compulsion of character. The ethical life of the English-speaking peoples runs very deep, and it is not always very articulate. But it is a matter which the man who aspires to leadership must take with the utmost seriousness. If he is unable to command a certain ethical confidence, the time will come when all will be lost. There may be times of misunderstanding. But the essential ethical soundness and elevation of his leadership must stand out at last if it is to be maintained.

The might of the moral must is a very real and commanding power in contemporary life. The cynics may smile at it. The pessimists may doubt its seizure of the mind of the twentieth century. The evil-

minded may smile at its behests as Mid-Victorian sentimentality. But the English-speaking world has conscience entwined in most of the living words of the language, and deeply enshrined in its heart. Its conversations are often careless as regards ethical considerations; but its actions must be justified by a moral standard if they are in any real sense satisfactory. The leader who gains permanent trust must speak with authority to this deep moral intuition.

III. The Man of the Hour must be characterized by social passion. Of course he cannot be the mouthpiece of those forces which are to give refuge and hope to humanity in its collective life unless he feels the pang of the lonely heart, the tragedy of the cast off life, and all the woe of the social disintegration of our time. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a poem called "The Voiceless." In many an age the socially disfranchised have been indeed without a voice. To-day they are becoming awake. They are rising. They are speaking. And the voices rising from men wistful and eager and hopeful and defiant, from these masses of men to whom life has

offered little and before whom the world has closed most of its doors, are among the most tragic and beautiful and summoning things in the life of our time. They are as dangerous as any intense life. They are as glorious as hope. Dante was called the voice of ten silent centuries. The Man of the Hour must be the voice of multitudes of inarticulate human beings. He must think their thoughts after them. He must live himself into the meaning of their lives. By their stripes he must be healed of selfishness and prepared for really self-forgetful service. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" has expanded into a vast literature telling the woeful tale of the conditions which blight human life and thwart human effort. This literature must speak its whole message to our leader. But more than that. The wound of evil environment must have been felt by his own tender flesh. He must replace the knowledge of the reader by the knowledge of the man who has personally felt the weight of tragic and evil conditions. It is easy to be interested in humanity while one draws back from particular people. Our leader must

press close to actual men, finding his way past all the barriers of prejudice and custom and temperament and entering into intimate and understanding relations with individual men. His idealism must break its way past the unlovely characteristics of particular human beings. His social passion must transfigure particular men. He must see them in the light of their capacity. He must not judge them by their history. So his passion for humanity and his friendship for particular men will guide and interpret each other. He will be a social prophet with the tang of an individual human interest about him. He will have captured the fine secret of Jesus, who was moved by the multitude and infinitely interested in the individual man.

IV. The Man of the Hour must be a man of spiritual ambition and a man with a profound sense of spiritual values. While he lives he will not neglect seeing the things which are visible. He will also live as seeing the invisible. The mystic who is merely a dreamer is often remote enough from the age which needs his shining idealism. The man who is alive to the finger

tips and conscious of every quivering energy of the age in which he lives, if he is also a man who lives in conscious relationship to the light never seen on sea or land, is a man of peculiar power. His practical grasp on human problems is reinforced, and his inner life is developed in definite human dependableness. He becomes a practical mystic. And a practical mystic is one of the most powerful men in all the world. Our leader will be a man who presses past all the crude hesitations of this transitional period and finds himself face to face with the virile spiritual mastery of Jesus. That Master will master him, and in accepting that mastery he will become more nobly and dependably masterful than he ever was before. The great realities of God and the life of the Spirit will be luminous and commanding in his own life, and through his interpretation will come to have a new grasp upon the life of the world. The sense of the eternal will give new significance to the temporal. He will be in a more effective way a man of this world because many of his motives come from regions beyond this world's life. He

will be a better citizen of his own city because he has seen the vision of the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven. Religion will not be a convenient method of securing the allegiance of certain groups of people who are guided by motives in which he assumes an interest for the purposes of practical politics. Religion will be a high and commanding and authentic sanction which gives the final quality of richness and fullness to his own life. And the deep and terrible sincerity of his religious life will give him a new power of leadership in the very world where we live.

V. The Man of the Hour must be a scientific humanist. Of course there is no real conflict between science and humanism. Science has to do with the uniformities of existence. Humanism has to do with the personal world of freely moving initiative. The two worlds are two aspects of one fundamental reality. The leader who only believes in freedom can never be just to that reign of law which the nineteenth century made so commanding to the thought of men. And he can never be just to those orderly relationships without

which society can have no permanent stability. The man who simply believes in the mechanical and mathematical uniformities which reveal themselves in the impersonal world, and would carry them over into the personal world as well, comes into a state of mind which would banish initiative and nobly creative energy from the world. He loses the thing which Watts Dunton used to call the sense of wonder. He becomes incapable of rousing men, of inspiring their faith, and of releasing new energies and new enthusiasms in their lives. The real leader must have all the steadiness which comes from a study of the uniformities of nature, and all the richness and creative energy which come from a study of the wide-ranging, free-moving adventure of the personal spirit in the world. He must be a scientific humanist.

VI. Then the Man of the Hour must be a man of organizing efficiency. The difference between the prophet and the statesman lies at this point. The prophet sees a vision and expresses it in noble and summoning words. The statesman realizes it in effective action. And the prophetic

statesman is the man who sees a great vision of the future, summons men to its realization in powerful speech, and then organizes them for its achievement in such a masterful fashion that the lofty dream becomes a concrete reality. To all his other qualities our leader must add this capacity for organizing men effectively. Even in great movements of the religious life this is evident. The power of Wesley in the eighteenth century lay in the fact that he was both a prophet and an organizer. He saw that the gospel he preached crystallized into a permanent institution. Where there is no vision the people perish. Where there is no efficiency vision is never able to do its real work in the world. The captain of industry with his far-flung kingdom of commerce is full of suggestiveness as we think of these things. The captain in the realm of the world's larger leaderships must learn every secret of organizing efficiency which the captain of industry knows. And he must use all this organizing power in the name of those mastering ideals which possess his mind and drive his conscience and enrich his spirit.

The man who combines these varied qualities and abilities may seem a man about whom we can think, but a man we will never see. We need to remember, however, that no other age has failed of a man in whom its varied aspects of life came to a certain rich and harmonious expression. And this man will merely be the man who captures the varied meaning of this age and utilizes all its elements of strength in the formation of his own life and leadership. It is not too much to believe that he will arise and do his work in the world. But it is also clear that there is only one way in which he can be produced. Demosthenes used to say that the audience makes the oration. It is clearly true that in a democracy the people make the leader in a very genuine fashion. As all together we think and hope and dream and believe in this sort of leadership we will be preparing the way for the leader when he comes, and we will be making it possible for him to come. There is, of course, one sense in which the great leader comes with all the mystery of a sudden and noble gift from God. He gives to

men the pattern which he has seen in the mount. But there is another sense in which he is the product of the deepest yearning, the most aspiring hope, the most nobly vicarious prayer, of the period to which he speaks. There is a sense in which fourth-century Athens made Plato inevitable. Fourteenth-century Europe was itself expressed in Dante. To be sure, fifth-century Athens too made way for Plato, and thirteenth-century Europe made way for Dante. But this the more clearly shows that the great man rises from the rich soil whose fertility he has taken into his own life. Even Jesus came in the fullness of time. When we produce the fullness of time we will have the leader. It is the profoundest work of the democracies of the world to produce the fullness of time.

We go back, then, to the splendid prophetic vision of man's ministry to man. We go back to the inspiration of the thought of the protecting leadership of the great man. A man shall be a hiding place from the wind. A man shall be a covert from the tempest. A man shall be as

streams of water in a dry place. A man shall be as the shade of a great rock in a weary land. And by the grace of God we must produce that man.

II

THE RENAISSANCE OF RELIGION

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up on a high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!—Isaiah 40. 9.

A POWERFUL English writer once published a little poem entitled "The Funeral of God." He was not the first to suggest that we have almost done with Deity. We have not forgotten the clever and witty Frenchman who was ready to escort God to the edge of the universe, thank him for his past services, and politely bow as he witnessed the departure of the late Master of life. Many people have been ready to celebrate the obsequies of religion. We remember that Bishop Butler fell upon a time when religion had almost ceased to be able, as he felt, to command the interest of intelligent men. But the religion which is thrown to the ground has a curious way of turning out to be a seed instead of a

corpse. Life emerges from it. There are sproutings and growings, and soon the tree is lifting its branches again, and ere long once more men are rejoicing in its abundant shade. It almost seems that the world might have learned that religion possesses a secret of perpetual life. Just when you think that it is dead it is born again. There was something imperial about the way in which the Christian religion swept in triumph over the early Roman Empire. It was simply impossible to kill Christians as fast as other men accepted the Christian faith. And so after three centuries of struggle the empire surrendered and became Christian. But if Christianity conquered the empire, it did not save the empire. The barbarians overwhelmed the orderly civilization which had given stability to the life of the world. Surely, we would say, the religion which failed to revitalize the empire would go down under the ashes of its burning structure. But it was not so. Emerging fresh and vital from the flames of a burning world, Christianity set about taming the barbarians. It put its hand upon the fierce and powerful men

who had conquered Rome, and it mastered them. It bent them to gentler and wiser forms of life. It dominated their thinking and recreated their ideals. And out of them it began forming the Europe which was to be. In the meantime the church which had been a life became an organization. The vitality was lost in the complex wheels of a vast machinery. More of Jewish and Roman law than Christian gospel was found in the imperial church. Surely, religion was lost in all this brilliant and far-flung ecclesiastical empire? But no. Just that thirteenth century which witnessed the splendors of Innocent III also witnessed the winsome piety of Saint Francis of Assisi and all that movement by which Europe was refreshed in spirit as by the coming of spring. The singing Franciscans, with their self-forgetful service, fanned the soul of Europe into a bright flame, the flame of that fire which is burning without being consumed. Then came an era of disintegration. And when life seemed to have departed from the life-giver, when the world needed to be saved from the church, when it seemed that reli-

gion had indeed failed upon its last battlefield, and the new learning rather than the old religion was offering open doors of life to men, once again the golden moment came, and the sixteenth century saw the kindling of all those fires of the spirit which made religion the master of the inner life of man and the captain of his activities. The Reformation was a rebirth of religion just when such a rebirth might have seemed least probable. But the Reformation itself at last crystallized into forms which had lost their vitality. There came the day of the Protestant scholasticism with all its arid and lifeless activities of the mind. But just when the freezing cold of it seemed to have swept away the warm and rich currents of life Pietism came sweeping into Germany, and the seventeenth century had its rebirth of the Spirit. By the eighteenth century the cold and urbane hardness of deism had entered deeply into the fabric of England's life. Then it was that Bishop Butler found and bewailed the situation to which we have already referred. But we remember his words only as a background to that sweep-

ing revival which changed the face of England and put evangelical religion at the heart of its life. The worst moment turned out to be the moment just before that rebirth which saw the beginning of a new era. Historically it has been a dangerous thing to arrange for the obsequies of religion.

Will Christianity Rise Again?

It is very important to have all this, and, indeed, very much more than this, in the background of our minds when we come to consider the situation in which we find ourselves. We have told only a little of the story, but we have outlined at least enough of it to suggest the amazing recuperative powers which are possessed by the Christian faith. To-day once more the tide is ebbing. We are living in an age of unrest and confusion and disillusionment. And a good many noble spirits are fearing that Christianity will not rise triumphant from the wreck into which so much of contemporary life has fallen. It will be worth our while to survey the situation somewhat closely as we attempt to estimate the

resources of the Christian religion in relation to it.

Before the outbreak of the Great War Rudolph Eucken had powerfully declared —it seems strange now to think of that declaration as coming from Germany and from a man who did not keep his own ethical vision clear in later days—that an externally splendid civilization was facing the tragedy of inner bankruptcy. The exploitation of the forces of nature had filled the world of men with a sense of their own power. There was a world-wide assertiveness, a proud confidence, in the very heart of it unchristian. It assumed that the man who can use the resources of nature does not need the resources of God. And so the hard and selfish optimism of the earlier part of the twentieth century seemed a wall against the approaches of all the deeper moral and spiritual realities. That brittle material self-satisfaction had to be shattered before there could be a hope of better things. The war and the after-war confusions have at least accomplished that. We no more feel that pride in a mechanical civilization which so

lately stirred our blood. We are beginning to fear that we have invented a mechanism which will destroy us all at last. And it is important to recognize that the heart of contemporary pessimism is not merely a distrust of religion; it is a distrust of life itself. It will occur at once to some of us that a world-wide suspicion that civilization has the seed of decay in it, a world-wide distrust of the powers of man, is not a matter to dishearten the Christian. As a matter of fact, such experiences are preparing the soil for a new activity of religion. The complacent age is the only age which Christianity cannot touch.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century the scientific method achieved a mastery of the mind of man which brought within the grasp of human thought a new world of knowledge. Watts Dunton, in his brilliant novel *Aylwin*, gave voice to the protest of those who feared that the sense of uniformity would quite destroy the sense of wonder, that the sense of impersonal forces would take the place of the appreciation of the creative mind of man. There is no nced of avoiding the fact that many

people came to live in a world from which they had banished the thought of freedom and initiative and all the rich play of the personal life. In such a world religion might be a program; it could scarcely be an inspiration. And in such a world the historic propulsions of the Christian religion could scarcely find a place. But the really critical mind inevitably became aware of the necessity for considering the whole problem. Science must account for the scientist as well as his product. When you watch the scientist you see that even when he seems to be constructing a structure which denies any place to freedom and the action of creative intelligence he is exercising the very qualities which he is denying. The greatest argument against the synthetic philosophy from this point of analysis is the synthetic philosophy. And so it has become evident to many men that science itself must include not only the impersonal forces, but must make room for personal activities. The final task of the human mind is not to explain the personal in the terms of the impersonal. It is to explain the impersonal in the terms of the

personal. As this critical insight takes possession of a larger number of minds the way is being cleared for a new activity on the part of religion.

The Christian Social Conscience

The noblest aspects of contemporary life come into view when we begin to inspect the activities of the social conscience. The dream of society as an organism is possessing the minds of larger and larger numbers of men. Sometimes, to be sure, there is a touch of moral evasiveness about it. There are men not a few who are willing to escape the necessity of repenting of their own sins by fastening all their attention on the sins of society. But while this is true, it is also true that a rich and glorious passion for human betterment and for a hopeful and happy life for all men moves in the activity of the social conscience to-day. We must frankly admit, however, that the social idealist is feeling the strain and the stress of terrible difficulties. The last three years have worn threadbare many of his watchwords, and his somewhat innocent and unsophisticated confidence in the

possibility of securing great social returns has met with shattering disillusionment. Some men who were prophets of a better day have sunk into misanthropy and gloom. They have ceased to believe that society is capable of becoming organic. In the presence of their terrible gloom has the Christian religion a heartening word to say? The reply is that this disillusionment with a social hope not based upon reconstructed personality is just what the Christian who understands the nature of man and the nature of religion would expect. From the beginning he has known that only as a brotherhood of personalities built into capacity for brotherhood by the Saviour of the world could men attain to anything like an ideal society. When a man who has only a social gospel becomes a cynic, at once the man who bases his social gospel upon the transforming work of Christ feels that he has an opportunity once more to secure a hearing. The contemporary cynicism is an attitude which has ignored the Christian diagnosis of the disease which afflicts humanity, and has refused to use the Christian remedy. The

failure of other prescriptions never disconcerts the Christian.

An Inflated Verbal Currency

One other aspect of the present situation deserves our attention. More and more are masses of men confident in their belief that the church has failed them. The scornful sense that it has inflated its verbal currency and has had no store of gold to justify its productivity in paper money has made its way almost everywhere. No doubt the church deserves much of this hostility. No doubt it has failed in moral strength, in spiritual insight, in practical brotherhood, in capacity for leadership, and in that intellectual acumen which really penetrates to the heart of a situation. Even so we must insist that it has done more to keep the soul alive in the present day than any of its critics are ready to admit. And we must protest against that light-hearted condemnation which is based upon no study either of the difficulties which the church has confronted or of the stupendous services which it has rendered in spite of those difficulties.

At once, however, we must declare that the root of the situation is not to be found here. Religion and an institution are not synonymous. "Church" and "Christianity" are not two different words for the same thing. No doubt there will be many heart-searching and even humiliating experiences in the process by which the church finds its way through these difficult days. But the very elements of failure in the activity of the church drive us back all the more surely to the sources of the Christian religion. If an organization represents the living Christ incompletely or even with gross inadequacy, we find it all the more necessary to push aside the instrument and to reach the Master himself. The word of Browning's great poem is the word for the age: "See the Christ stand."

What is the fashion, then, in which the flaming and assured evangel, which has been reborn into the life of so many ages, is to find the new contact with our own? How is our painfully weary and disheartened and misanthropic age to hear the glad tidings in such fashion that they shall sound forth with commanding authenticity?

How is the solemn sanction of undeniable power to be given to the word which must be spoken to our age, "Behold your God"?

"Place the Fire on the Hills"

In the first place, all Christian people must begin to look at their resources and must refuse to be preoccupied merely with their liabilities. There are multitudes of quiet people who cherish the fire of God in their hearts. They have an assured and glowing relation to Christ even in these difficult days. We must make articulate all this wealth of moral and spiritual certainty. The moment it becomes articulate it also becomes contagious. The fires burning in men's hearts must be placed upon the hills of the world. Then our leaders must pay the price of a new and resilient and kindling relation to their Master and Lord. The moment of preoccupation with him and with his creative loving power is the moment when great creative and transforming energies begin to be realized in the life of the world. The eye flashes with unmistakable light, the voice thrills with certainty, and the evangel moves once

more from life to life. Men and women and little children everywhere must be encouraged to make the Christian religion a personal adventure of the spirit. So the song which the Franciscans sang over Europe in the thirteenth century and which swept over England in the eighteenth century shall once more move over the land. With all this creative renewal of the inner life at every step the new life within must become a new life without. The new heart must become the new activity. The social program must be seized and revitalized and made effective and triumphant by those who bring to it the resources of a vital contact with the Saviour of the world. All this must be interpreted by minds sharp with all the powers of close analysis in the speech which our contemporary experience has made compelling. And thus with a new spirit of prophecy and a new spirit of action based upon a new participation in the energies released by the living Christ we shall go forth into that day which contains all for which we hope. The renaissance of religion will be an actuality in our hearts and before our eyes.

III

THE DISILLUSIONMENTS OF A HUNDRED YEARS

Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge self-control; and in your self-control patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness brotherly kindness; and in your brotherly kindness love.—2 Peter 1. 5, 6, 7.

A LITTLE while ago an able Englishman of ample erudition and of a meditative habit of mind wrote a little book on the nineteenth century. He called it *The Century of Hope.* The glow of his own quiet and assured idealism was found in all its pages. It is fairly clear, however, that a good many people would find it impossible to use his title in a discussion of the last hundred years. It is significant that a capable New Englander, a descendant of two Presidents of the United States, wrote *The Education of Henry Adams* to show his utter distrust of the nineteenth century, and in an entirely different mood from the

caustic cynicism of the first book wrote *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* to show his deep enthusiasm for the thirteenth century and all its wonderful unity of life and spirit. And even a mind much less accustomed to survey the last hundred years with hostile eyes than the distinguished Harvard professor is likely to be forced to admit that since 1815 the world has come upon one shock of disillusionment after another.

Let us go over some of these sad and disheartening experiences, examining them quite candidly, attempting to see what they signify, and attempting too as we study them to find if there is a way in which we can keep both candor and hope, and go forward with sustained idealism to the tasks which confront us to-day and the endeavors which will clamor for our attention to-morrow. We shall find the words we have used as a text to have deep importance for our discussion, but in the meantime we will go forward with our survey, allowing these words and their message to emerge when the right moment comes.

I. When Madame Roland cried, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" she gave voice to a feeling which was to have most powerful influence in the life of Europe in the years which were to follow. Europe became afraid of liberty. The years from 1815 to 1848, the years when that shrewd and wily politician Metternich dominated the life of the continent, were years when the fear of lawlessness made men tremble at the thought of freedom. Europe had drunk deeply of the wine of revolution. It had felt the winds of a new day blowing all about it. Then there came the hour of reaction and bitter disillusionment. And for many years the hard and remorseless hand of reaction held it fast. Prince Metternich really owed all his power to this widespread disillusionment. He ruled by its fears a continent which had ceased to hope. The excesses of revolution had caused vast multitudes of men to prefer tyranny to anarchy. In such soil the mind of the sincere reactionary was developed. He is still alive in many a land, and he is becoming wonderfully articulate to-day. He has the ripened cyni-

cisms of a hundred years as his heritage. He has fed on skepticism as regards the people and he has turned his fears into a philosophy of life.

II. But after a while the preliminary reaction of the last century loosened its hold upon many a mind, and a great hope arose. This was the hope based upon political democracy. Men began to think and dream and plan in the terms of the extension of the franchise. In England there came the reform bills of 1832, of 1867, and many another piece of advanced legislation. Multitudes of men were swept by a great and generous enthusiasm. Uplifting energies seemed to take possession of the human spirit. And the typical nineteenth-century optimism found one of its most conspicuous expressions in the struggle and in the victory. There was something Messianic about men's thought of political democracy. And many an eager spirit felt that here, indeed, was a cure for the ills of the world. Then at last came the bitter day of reaction and disillusionment. Political democracy achieved did not prove capable of bringing in the new

era of which men dreamed. It was useful and it was important. But it did not remake the world. Indeed, it became increasingly clear that political democracy itself may become a menace unless you can train the men who wield the power of the ballot to use it with discretion and with noble self-control. In America the mood of caustic disillusionment was given particularly unhesitating expression by Mr. Brooks Adams in the volume, *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma.* But everywhere it was clear that the thing of which men had thought as a panacea had no such powers as they had hoped.

III. Then came the great wave of social passion. It swept in from many a deep of human compassion and carried multitudes by its own triumphant momentum. Kingsley and Maurice had been early prophets. And the attempt to make the movement for a new social synthesis free from all play of feeling and a matter of mathematical science had been made by Karl Marx in *Das Capital.* The movement was characterized by inner contradictions. Sometimes it was hostile to religion. Sometimes

it was the expression of religion. But the passion for social reconstruction became one of the master passions of the century. It inspired a vast literature. It was expressed in international organizations. It kindled a new world-wide fire in men's eyes and a new enthusiasm in their hearts. But here and there signs began to appear that all was not well. And with the confusion in Russia the hour of world-wide disillusionment came. In every capital in the world there are weary-eyed men and women who were once ardent advocates of some method of social reconstruction, but who now feel that they have no gospel. The Messianic light has faded from their eyes. They are but shadowy spirits of hopelessness in a chaotic world.

IV. In the meantime a different cult of optimism had arisen in the world. The publication of Darwin's epoch-making works a little after the middle of the century, the coordinating activities of the mind of Herbert Spencer, the practical achievements of a multitude of scientists whom no man can number, the gradual production of a new scientific habit of

mind led to a new sort of expectation. Science was to clear the world of superstition and to assume the Messianic role itself. There is no doubt in the world that a good deal of rubbish, intellectual and other, was gotten out of the way. And the practical application of the new scientific knowledge literally produced a new world in which men were to dwell. But the new powers while they increased man's capacity and extended the reach of his arm did not change human character. In fact, at last it appeared that all the potencies of the new age simply made the world a more terrible place unless something was done to the character of the man who exercised all these powers. If Russia had brought about disillusionment with socialism, Germany completed the disillusionment with science. The new knowledge, wonderful as it was, did not produce a safe or happy world.

V. Another parallel movement had seemed full of promise and, indeed, was not without substantial result. The nineteenth century saw many noble and notable achievements on the part of evan-

gelical religion. The contact of the individual human spirit with God in the richness and the transforming quality of deep personal experience was back of some of the finest living and some of the noblest activity of the period. But the tendency which ignored the social implications of this individual experience and all the confusions of the mental transitions of the period and all the preoccupations with matters which appealed to the senses produced a decline in this inner piety. To be sure, many notable circles all over the world preserved the old and beautiful tradition. But masses of people were completely disillusioned as regards the potency of piety to solve the problems of the world. At any rate, it was clear that an inorganic piety was singularly helpless in the presence of life's urgent demands.

VI. With the coming of the war which engulfed us all one more outreach of the human spirit made itself felt. In many ages men had dreamed of world unity. Dante had put his own passionate belief in a world where peace was secure and the world was one into memorable expression in

his Latin work *De Monarchia.* And since his day many had dreamed the great dream. But now men began to think of these things with a new and understanding seriousness. It seemed that civilization itself could only be saved by some sort of generous and democratic organization of the whole world. President Woodrow Wilson made the movement the vehicle of his own deeply serious purpose and became its recognized voice. A wave of hope swept over all the world. With a wistful eagerness people in old and weary lands looked toward the new world and listened to the vibrant masterful voices which it was sending forth. Then came the armistice. Then came the Peace Conference. Then came the most complete disillusionment of all. The sordid selfishnesses swept aside the fresh idealisms and the world woke on a dull gray morning to find itself held in the grasp of rude and ruthless actualities upon which no sunlight fell.

It is in such a situation and with such experience behind us that we must meet the problem of living. Is there any way to find creative inspiration in the midst of such

shattering disillusionment and such bitter failure of our hopes? As we examine the situation more closely we begin to see that the tragedy of the century just gone was the peril of the isolated virtue. Group after group of men depended upon some one movement, upon some one panacea, and each one of them failed. Just because of their isolation they failed. It is not the individual virtue which has complete potency. It is not the partial movement which can save the world. It is the cluster of virtues which will make character. It is the synthesis of the good in all really forward-looking movements which will save the world.

And now we are ready for our text. The author of the epistle from which these words were taken had a splendid flash of insight. Faith was not enough. Virtue was not enough. Temperance was not enough. Patience was not enough. Godliness was not enough. Brotherly kindness was not enough. Charity was not enough. Not these isolated qualities, but all of them taken together were to make the complete Christian man. It requires long and bitter experience to deliver us from the fallacy

of the isolated virtue. It is only when we think organically that we think safely, and the author of the Epistle called the Second Epistle General of Peter has blazed the way through many a problem by calling our attention to the possibility of gathering together the separate items of good into an invincible unity.

When we apply this principle to the century just gone and to the time which lies ahead its significance is clear. Liberty alone is not enough. Political democracy alone is not enough. Social passion alone is not enough. Scientific achievement alone is not enough. Evangelical piety alone is not enough. The vision of international unity alone is not enough. It is when we get all these together in organic relations that we begin to have a new hope of creative achievement. And the century ahead is to be a century of achievement through the synthesis of great movements even as the century out of which we are passing saw such failure through the mood of dependence upon the virtue of a single movement. Of these movements we may say: "United they stand. Divided

they fall." When we gather into noble unity the potency of individual piety, the richness of social passion, the practical power of scientific achievement, the opportunities of political democracy, the life of a freedom mastered by character and of an international vision realized by means of tested scientific principles, then we will secure that quality of life which does not lead to reaction and disillusionment, but unfolds in larger and larger realms of satisfying achievement.

As we look forward to such synthetic activity one commanding figure comes more and more to dominate our thinking and our acting. For while many things may be said of the Founder of the Christian religion, few go farther in giving an account of his permanent appeal than just the marvelous fashion in which he gathered into his own life things which in tragic isolation had failed to come to beauty or to power but united in him made up the wonder of a perfect life. Even so he will teach us to add the good of many movements into that unity which shall indeed renew the life of the world.

IV

THE AMPLER PURITANISM

All things are yours.—1 Corinthians 3. 21.

Paul was a first-century Jew. He was in process of being made into a Christian cosmopolitan who might claim citizenship in any century. He was perpetually loyal to a certain creative type of life and to a set of facts and principles and interpretations upon which that life depended. And all the while his mind was moving in larger and larger circles of appreciation and appropriation. The daring generosity of his spirit is never more dramatically expressed than in the words: "The world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come —all are yours." The new life in Christ, he saw clearly, was to appropriate every deep and real and potent and nobly vital thing in human experience. His sharp and definite sense of the nature and requirements of his Christian loyalty was only equalled by the sweep of his vision as he

included every good thing in the heritage of the Christian.

It is a long journey from the first century of Paul to the seventeenth century and the powerful Puritan leaders and the daring Pilgrims. The solid strength and steellike organization of the Roman Empire have long passed away. Feudalism has made its attempt to change anarchy in order. The dream of the Holy Roman Empire has been dreamed, and popes and emperors have fought for world supremacy. Great nations have arisen with a sharp and clear sense of nationality. The new learning and the new taste and the new consciousness of God alive in the soul of man have changed the life of Europe. Men have gone back to Greece to find the meaning of beauty; they have gone back to Jerusalem to find the meaning of religion, as they had gone back to Rome to find the meaning of law. The church as an organization has met in battle array the church as a living Spirit. The Hundred Years' War has told its tale of struggle between England and France. Spain has emerged, and the menace of a world con-

trolled by a Spain controlled by Rome has been met in the memorable sea fight with the invincible Armada. The new and glorious consciousness of the meaning of the national life has found brilliant expression in England in the whole period of the Tudors. And Shakespeare has turned the meaning of it all into words of immortal beauty, in which English history has a vivid and commanding expression and the English spirit is poured forth in a classic form of its own. Then the Tudors pass and the Stuarts appear. The century of glorified national solidarity passes and the century of the assertion of the individual in England appears.

There had been sounds which had an ominous quality of their own during the reign of Elizabeth. But the brilliancy of her reign and the sense of danger from Rome and the passionate national spirit had held most of England to hearty accord with the mood of solidarity in church and state. The seventeenth century was to be the period of a new sense of the individual and the right of his deepest life for unhindered expression. In certain ways it

was not a century of the profoundest life. As we look back on the whole period we see that on the surface at least it received its tone from the urbane and distinguished Court of Louis XIV. If the sixteenth century had been a time of new religious life and new national spirit in Europe, the seventeenth century became a time when good taste seemed to very many people much more important than good morals. Even the typical preachers were masters of rhetoric, whose sense of a fine and telling phrase was the distinguishing characteristic of their preaching. Life flowed in a tide which was full and passionate. And under all the urbanity there was a hot and untamed spirit. Yet it was in this very age that religion spoke a new word in Pietism in Germany and in all the movements of the Puritans and Separatists in England. The heart of the movements in England was a consciousness that the new life in Christ has rights which must never be denied by any power. The Puritan tried to secure a church which would not dwarf or check the full quality of Christian thinking and living. The Separatist de-

parted from the church because he believed that he had fallen upon a time when the church did not have room for Christianity. The practical method of the two types differed. Their fundamental desire was the same. The church must be made safe for Christianity, or else new churches must be formed which could be genuinely Christian. There was a tremendous assertion of liberty. But it was never an empty liberty. It was liberty to give the deepest and most commanding vitalities of human experience an opportunity to function. For its sake John Robinson and his friends went to Holland. For its sake the men of the Mayflower went to New England. In its name the deepest and most far-reaching work of the commonwealth was done.

The men who cherish and represent the Puritan tradition to-day have two tasks. One is a task of conservation. The other is a task of appropriation. Like Paul, they must be loyal to the deepest genius of their own life. And, like Paul, they must welcome that great treasure which they can make their own and give the impress of their own spirit. To them too comes the

message, "All things are yours." And they are to test and utilize the best which life offers to them as well as to maintain untarnished their own high tradition. There are, I think, at least three elements of conservation and three elements of appropriation in this ampler Puritanism.

I. First, there is the tradition of liberty. Already it has had notable expression. It has become the foundation of states and the guiding star of churches. It was as an American citizen that Lowell wrote:

> "They were rude men, unlovely, yes, but great,
> Who prayed about the cradle of our state.
> Small room for light and sentimental strains
> In those lean men with empires in their brains,
> Who pitched a state as other men pitch tents,
> And led the march of time to great events."

It has been a long and difficult lesson, this lesson of freedom. And the world has by no means entirely mastered it yet. The man who thinks only of solidarity confronts the man who thinks only of license, and sometimes it is hard enough for the man who believes in orderly freedom to make himself heard. But the belief in the uncoerced mind, and the conviction that

only willing allegiance is the highest sort of commitment, have entered very deeply into the thought of men. To be sure, this liberty is not liberty to destroy civilization. It is not liberty to break down the basal moral sanctions. We must be honest enough to recognize that even a world built about the idea of freedom must have police protection from the hard and remorseless will which is bent upon destruction. And, on the other hand, our fear of lawlessness must never be made an excuse for the surrender of essential liberties. There are men who are so afraid of anarchy that they have lost their fear of tyranny. The spirit of Puritanism is a spirit of law-abiding liberty. It will fight against tyranny and it will fight against lawlessness. And that spirit must be kept alive in the world.

II. Then there is the Puritan tradition of a life which may be trusted with freedom. When a man calls for liberty it is well to lift the question, Liberty for what? The Puritan wanted liberty because of great and living convictions which were pressing outward from his mind and were

throbbing in his heart. The life of God in the soul of man was such a reality that it was necessary to make room for it. Jonathan Edwards was a stern and remorseless logician. But all his logic was in the name of a tremendous and compelling experience of contact with God. And the Puritan at his best in both hemispheres has been a man with so mastering a religious life that everything else must be organized about it. And he never forgot that great and far-reaching corollaries flowed from it. But all his thinking and all his practices in things ecclesiastical and in his varied human relations were brought at last to the test provided by this enthronement of religion at the center of his life. Whenever the cry for freedom becomes a demand to be allowed to do everything in general because there is nothing in particular which has become commanding to the mind and the conscience and the heart, it is an empty and impotent thing. But when freedom is the opportunity for men and churches to be true to their own deepest intuitions and their own most profound experience of the things of God, it

is saved from all superficial quality. The liberty of indifference is replaced by the liberty of mighty convictions. Freedom is only a name unless it is an opportunity for the life of God in the soul of man to become articulate.

III. The third thing which must be conserved as the Puritan does his work in the world of to-day is the tradition of beauty. Now, there are a good many people, it must be admitted, who do not know that there is a Puritan tradition of beauty. They think of Puritanism as the foe of beauty, and, indeed, as its destroyer. This comes partly from incomplete knowledge and partly from a preoccupation with that expression of Puritan life which was a sharp and terrible reaction from all the vice and lawlessness of the Restoration. That there have been unlovely Puritans is all too true. That the deepest tradition of Puritanism involves hostility to beauty is entirely false. If one puts the Puritanism of John Milton over against the Puritanism of bitter men who sunk into misanthropy after the cruel disillusionments of the Restoration, it is possible at once to

get the matter in right perspective. There have never been written in our splendid old English speech lines of more haunting beauty, of more sonorous dignity, of more classic urbanity than many of the lines written by John Milton. And in these matters we must go to Milton for the defining meaning of the Puritan tradition. That spirit of cosmopolitan Christian eagerness which is at the heart of a Christianity conscious of the range of its own meaning goes into the realm of beauty and of charm, and there claims every high and noble and permanent thing as its own. In the deepest sense, indeed, righteousness and beauty must kiss each other. For it is only the beauty which is righteous which can continue permanently to be a part of the life of man. All other beauty has the seed of decay in it. To be sure, this does not mean that the sense of beauty must become self-conscious. It does mean that in the happiest and most spontaneous way it is to be recognized that the creative forces of the Christian religion are the really creative forces in the realm of beauty as well. All things are ours. And the things

of beauty are to find their highest interpretation in the Christian faith, and their most notable expression in Christian art. It is true that this was known before the rise of Puritanism, as many a painting whose colors pulsate with genius tells us, and as Gothic ecclesiastical architecture so abundantly testifies. But it is also true that at its best Puritanism appropriated this tradit on and made it its own. And it is a matter of the highest importance that we should make it our own to-day.

IV. If these things are to be conserved as a part of the contemporary life of an ampler Puritanism, it is also true that there are some things to be appropriated by a spirit which claims all deep and noble things as its own. The seventeenth century was followed by the eighteenth. The vital energies of life seemed to be dried up and only the hard husk to remain. It was the century of Deism, with its belief in the absent God and the self-sufficient man. Puritanism seemed to have come upon a cold and barren scholasticism of its own. Then it was that a certain precise little Oxford scholar and another man of Ox-

ford, the second with a titanic and sweeping gift of eloquence, moved about England with the fire of a new evangel in their hearts and upon their lips. And once again lights began to gleam everywhere. Once again the warm and glowing hearth-fire became the portion of the religious life of England. The creative energies of religion were released all over the nation. It is not too much to say that the great revival found one England and left another. And over the sea the new Republic was baptized in its fire. It can hardly be said with too eager an emphasis that every deep and permanent element of the great revival must be made a part of the living Puritan tradition which moves out to do its work in the world to-day. There were unessential features. There were unlovely features. But at the heart of it the great revival is the expression of elements of power which are essential to a living church. The heart comes to its own in the great revival. In spite of excesses it may be said that in a noble sense the emotions come to their own. The immediate consciousness of God at work in the human

spirit becomes the actual possession of men. Now, the clear and incisive intellectuality of the Puritan tradition and the warm and glowing energy of the great revival really belong together. They supplement each other. And the accent of the great revival must be made a permanent part of the Puritan tradition.

V. The eighteenth century moved by and at last went to its long home. Then came the nineteenth century. It was a time of manifold life, a time tempting one to prolonged analysis. But perhaps from the searchingly Christian view the most important matter was the development of a new social consciousness. The dream of brotherhood captured the imagination of men. Some things were inherited from the French Revolution, with its undisciplined idealisms. Some things came as a result of the action of the Christian conscience dealing with industrial and economic conditions. Some things came from the sharp and critical analysis of brilliant thinkers like Karl Marx. But, taken all in all, the world became a place with an absolutely new conscience as regards man's duty to

man. The church at length made the social conscience its own. Indeed, as we have already intimated, it had a share in creating it. And by the end of the century the social passion had become the dominant note in much powerful preaching and the commanding inspiration in the activities of many churches. Indeed, in some cases, religion ceased to be a communion with God, and became a program for new relations among men. The wisest men combined the two notes. Men like Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, made the vitalities of religion as potent inner communion nobly authentic at the very moment when they were giving themselves to the tasks of social regeneration. The men of completest insight saw that the social passion offers a fuller expression of the enthusiasms of religion and not a substitute for its inner dynamic. And it seems very clear that the social note must be made a permanent part of the Puritan tradition. Sanitation is not a substitute for salvation, but it is one of its inevitable expressions. The church dominated by the ampler Puritan ideal is the perpetual ally of all the forces

which make for real brotherhood in the life of the world. We have spoken of this as something which the Puritan is to appropriate. And this is true. But we must not forget that if Dale were here he would insist that in its greatest days in the past Puritanism was inspired by the idea of the reign of Christ in all human relationships. We may frankly admit that the social passion has real points of contact with the Puritan life of the past. At the same time we may see clearly that the nineteenth century offered a new emphasis which the ampler Puritanism must make its own.

VI. The men who sailed in the Mayflower were more interested in finding room for a type of life than in molding the world after the fashion of their ideals. They thought more of escape than of conquest, though doubtless many of them realized that if the life which they cherished could be kept in the world, it would have a career of triumph at last. It is already possible to realize that the outstanding note of the twentieth century is its consciousness of the unity of the life of the

world. True it is that more than a century ago the missionary enterprise began. But to-day the world sees the meaning of all its subtle connections as it has never seen them before. The world cannot continue part slave and part free. The life of the world must be organized for international safety and obedience to the behests of international law. The questions of economics and industry must be solved by a world organized to deal with them. The great questions must all be seen in the light of the necessities of the whole of humanity. This does not mean a repudiation of national ties. It does mean that patriotism is a living part of a larger consciousness which apprehends the whole human problem. Already it is clear that the man of the Puritan tradition is ready and eager to make his own this new world-consciousness. With wistful eyes he looks over the torn and bewildered world which the war has left behind, and beyond it all he sees his vision of a world finding unity in the new life in Christ. That life for which the Pilgrims braved the sea is to relate itself to every human problem, and is to

be the most defining element among the forces which will make the world one at last.

The Puritan of to-day accepts the challenging word of Paul. He believes that all things do belong to him. From his own past he uplifts the tradition of liberty, the sense of a life so mastered by God that it can be trusted with liberty, and the haunting dream of beauty made Christian. From the eighteenth century he appropriates the vital meaning of the great revival, from the nineteenth century he appropriates a consuming social passion, and from the twentieth century he appropriates a new consciousness of the unity of humanity. So he creates that ampler Puritanism which is ready for the tasks of the turbulent, summoning world in which we dwell.

V

A NATION OF READERS

And they stood up in their place, and read in the book of the law of Jehovah their God a fourth part of the day.—Nehemiah 9. 3.

It was said of Lord Acton, the great English scholar, that he read during more than half of his waking hours. Here we read of a national assembly which spent a fourth part of the day, reading the book of the law of the Lord their God. The reader has always been able to claim a certain distinction among his fellows. Men have instinctively felt that he had pushed out his horizons, and that he brought a mind of ample power and fuller knowledge than they to the problems which confront all the children of men. But reading has usually been an aristocratic art. It has belonged to the few. It has not been the glad activity of the many. The invention of printing did something to change all this. The era of the inexpensive book did more. Now there was actual access on the

part of the many to the masterpieces of the world. The era of popular education has prepared the man for the book as the era of inexpensive printing has prepared the book for the man.

The result has not been, however, the universal reading of great books. It has been a world-wide creation of books which are not great to fit the immediate demand of minds which have not expanded to the consideration of the noblest issues. There has been too much of the neurotic exploitation of the common mind by the hectic book. And there has been too much contentment on the part of masses of men with books which are vivid without being dependable. Too much men have read that which reflected the mass prejudice rather than that which educated the common mind. And multitudes of men have become readers of headlines rather than readers of books. Democracy is not the bringing of everybody down to a low level, that all may live in the sad equality of the depths. It is the bringing of everybody to a lofty level, that all may share the noble equality of the heights. Only with such a

democracy is a nation safe, for only in such a country can men be trusted with the momentous decisions which must be made by the citizens of a Republic.

We are to consider this morning what will happen to a country if in this noble sense its people become a nation of readers. We cannot gather together in a vast hundred-million assembly to hear the reading of the law. But each of us can read the supreme books about the supreme subjects. And as it comes to pass that we do this, what will be the result?

In the first place, the nation will come to be characterized by a new unity. One man can know only a few other men at best. One man can know intimately only a few places at best. But we can all know the same great books. We can all receive the stimulus and the inspiration of the same great ideas. We can all think the same great thoughts. We can all attain to the greatness of sharing in a noble national mind. This does not mean the crushing of individual initiative. It does not mean the discouraging of originality. It does mean the securing of a great common founda-

tion of thought and feeling. It means such a common fund of facts and ideas that a speaker and a writer can be sure of appealing to an understanding mind. This sort of mental unity is one of the matters of most strategic importance in our national life. When we all know the great thinkers and the great poets and the great interpreters the walls which separate us will begin to fall. That telling line from Shakespeare will meet with a universal response, that notable paragraph from Milton will rouse a whole audience, that suddenly quoted phrase from Isaiah will come with a new impact upon the minds of men. Art, religion, politics, and even commerce will reach a new potency through this unity of mental life. Men will not address millions of minds walled up in the loneliness of petty and provincial knowledge and surrounded by vast tracts of ignorance. They will address a common mind in words which all men are ready to receive and understand.

The nation of readers will not only attain a new unity; it will attain a new knowledge. Two thirds of men's wrong

opinions come from ignorance. We need to be deluged with facts. And we need to have these facts at last so classified and stored away in our mind that we know where to find them and can see them in their relations and in their significance. The greatest danger in all questions of race and religion is that men shall decide before they know the facts. In a democracy the people must decide. And it is a particularly dangerous situation when ardent party feeling rather than dependable knowledge is the basis of the decision. The nation of readers will learn to weigh, to consider, and to reach conclusions in the light of all the evidence. In a republic the whole nation constitutes a vast jury. The whole nation must hear the case. The whole nation must render the verdict. And only a nation trained to read widely and to think impartially is ready for this high demand.

Here we come upon the menace of that writing which is a brilliant perversion of the facts. The man who has mental agility rather than mental honesty, and who uses deft persuasion rather than fair-minded ar-

gument, becomes less and less a menace in a country where the citizens quietly and patiently insist upon getting all the significant facts and quite refuse to be swept off their feet by adroit watchwords and sudden appeals to prejudice. The universal diffusion of knowledge as to every vital matter gives a new solidity to the structure of a republic.

The nation of readers has before it something more than unity and knowledge. It comes at length to that strong and mellow quality of mind which we call wisdom. You can tell a great deal about a man if you know what he takes for granted. You can tell a great deal about a nation if you know what it takes for granted. Some things must be permanently settled if there is to be real progress. And the nation of readers busy with great and noble and fundamental books about great themes comes to understand the foundations upon which its life rests and the assumptions which are a part of its very organization. It becomes possessed of that long and rich tradition of contemplation regarding the life and activities of men which is the very essence

of the culture of the world. And seeing new problems in this large perspective it is saved from a thousand pitfalls. It tears the disguises from multitudes of clever make-believes and recognizes old foes in many new faces. It has the wisdom of experience as well as the vigor of youth. It profits by the successes and the failures of the past. It sees the intellectual and moral and religious foundations of all stable life. And it holds them secure.

The next step is natural and in a sense inevitable. The nation of readers of the ripest and noblest books not only achieves unity and knowledge and wisdom. It goes on to achieve character. To be sure, at this point the will as well as the mind is involved. It is perfectly possible for a man to use all the passwords without understanding them. It is possible for a man to read the great books and master their phrases without entering with personal sympathy into their meaning. A cynic was once described as a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. It is possible for a man to know market values in the realm of

books without knowing their moral values or their spiritual worth. But whenever there is personal response to the great books of the world men will go from knowledge to wisdom and all the while will be growing in character. When the best which great books have to give ceases to be a set of ideas in your mind and becomes a set of purposes dominating your will, there is the actual emerging of character as distinct from culture. The nation of readers will become a nation of men and women seeking to bring the best ideas into life and not to leave them in stately repose in libraries. So the splendid activity of a new national character will begin.

There is one step more which we must take. Unity and knowledge, wisdom and character form a noble combination. But the nation of readers will develop in another aspect. It will become a nation with a lofty and beautiful and productive spiritual life. You cannot read widely, and surely you cannot read deeply, without beginning to hear the sound of the moving tides of the life of the Spirit. As you read a noble book you are like a child holding a

shell to its ear. Already there is the echo of the majestic movement of the exhaustless sea. You cannot go very deeply into anything until you come upon spiritual meaning and spiritual value. The great voices of the world all know Spiritual wistfulness and some of them ring with the wonder of deep spiritual satisfaction.

The seen always leads to the unseen. The visible always moves on to the invisible. The contemplation of man's experience in the world at last brings to light the passionate outreach of the human spirit after God.

And the greatest books do more than echo man's far call for God. They pour forth the passion of God's call for man and they express and interpret the glory of the life of man and God together in high companionship. You cannot confine Jesus Christ to a book. But he speaks from a book. He speaks from many books and he brings to its full and final human satisfaction the spiritual life. The nation of readers may wander over many alluring experiences. But it comes at last to one great Coronation, the crowning of Jesus as

Lord of the spiritual life and interpreter and master of all the aspirations and activities of men.

Unity and knowledge, wisdom and character, and the fine flowers of a fruitful spirituality—all these are found in the highways of that land which develops a nation of readers heartily responsive to the highest words spoken in the great books of the world.

So at last the nation of readers finds itself standing in reverent awe before the law of the Lord its God. Then the great and wonderful miracle is wrought. Men hear the law of right and loving living. They see the law alive and human and genuinely divine in Jesus. They receive it all into their minds. They put it into command of their wills. They open their hearts to its meaning. And at last what spelled itself out in a book becomes alive as the deepest thing in their own personal experience. The new Covenant is written in their hearts. And so law itself is transfigured in the gladness of a great devotion.

Does the picture sound Utopian? If it does, the best life consists in taking things

out of the Utopia of dreams and fitting them into the structure of history. We know that the thing has happened to individuals. And every time one man or one woman walks in the highways we have described the nation is a little nearer the high destiny to which it is called.

VI

THE PRESS AND THE COMMUNITY

The wise man's eyes are in his head, and the fool walketh in darkness.—Ecclesiastes 2. 14.

THERE is a good deal of shrewd cynicism in the book of Ecclesiastes. Someone has called it the cellar of the Old Testament. There is also a good deal of the insight which comes from close observation. The cutting little epigram which we have just read is an illustration of the insight. The wise man's eyes are in his head, declares this old philosopher, but the fool does not use his eyes at all. He simply walks about in the dark. That is to say, the difference between wisdom and folly is found in that knowledge of what is going on which comes to a man who uses his eyes constantly and skillfully.

In our complex modern world, however, a man simply cannot see all that he ought to know about the great movement of life which is going on all the while about him. However keen his powers of observation,

he must supplement his own eyes by the eyes of others. And as all the world becomes tied together in the bonds of a common life he must find alert eyes which move for him up and down and through the earth. It is here that the newspapers serve him. It is here that the press serves the community.

The newspaper gives a community eyes to see itself and to see the world. The newspaper gives a community ears to hear itself and to hear the whole world as it moves about its vast and intricate business of living. The newspaper gives a community a voice by which it may become effectively articulate. It will be worth our while to consider this morning the fashion in which newspapers function in our bustling American cities and the fashion in which they may become more effective exponents of those principles which are essential to the stability of our American life.

I. It is the first task of the newspaper to reflect the life of the community.

The reader of the paper wants to know, first of all, exactly what is happening.

Accuracy is the heart of the first commandment for newspaper men. It is the genius of the second commandment for newspaper men. It is the principle back of the third commandment for newspaper men. All sorts of things can be forgiven in the paper which lies upon your breakfast table. But the habit of carelessness as to facts, the habit of inaccuracy is the thing which will leave a man at last without that basis of confidence which is the stock upon which the newspaper must depend. There is no question in the world about the realization of this situation by newspaper men. And the general public probably has very little realization of the care which is taken by great numbers of large newspapers and by many small ones in respect of this matter. There is an amount of expert skill invested in the endeavor to get facts which is worthy of the highest praise.

II. The newspaper which gives the community a false picture of itself.

There is no newspaper which tells only falsehoods. Such a paper, of course, could not survive. There is no brilliantly successful newspaper which does not have

areas in which it tries to give an exact and constantly scrupulous loyalty to the facts just as they are. A newspaper survives by its virtues. But sometimes these virtues form a protective covering to its vices. There are a good many ways in which it is possible to give a false picture of the life of the community. It is possible to use headlines which give one impression and in smaller type to give a really accurate account of that which has transpired. And as multitudes of Americans read only headlines this becomes a very dangerous and sinister kind of deception. It is possible to print an early rumor as if it were an assured fact and the legitimate desire to be first in the field makes this a particularly constant temptation. Scare heads on the front page on one day and a correction in small type on an inner page at a later day have characterized even papers of reputation in times of intense crisis. The process of the selection of the material to be printed, in other words, of deciding what is news, offers abundant opportunity to create a false impression. By omitting to refer at all to matters which

are of vital concern to the whole community a paper can in effect give a false picture of the life it is expected accurately to reflect. The best men in the profession have the keenest apprehension of these dangers. And many a battle of which the public never knew has been fought to get a dependable and unbiased account to the readers of the community. But the very existence of these dangers makes it necessary for the public to be vigilant. The reliable newspaper man must be made to feel that he has a watchful and ready body of alert men and women who are with him in all his endeavors.

III. The newspaper which interprets the community.

The first business of the newspaper is to bring the news to its constituency. Its second business is to interpret the news. And this is not merely a matter of editorial columns. Many a paper which professes to give most loyalty to the unvarnished truth manages to do an enormous amount of varnishing by means of its placing of the news and by means of its headlines. There has been an enormous

development of the news paragraph which is, in fact, propaganda. Now, a certain amount of interpretation is necessary and wise. But when papers are filled with news articles with telling headlines calculated to produce the impression that a certain law cannot be enforced and when this continues with a cumulative vigor even the unsophisticated mind discovers at last that propaganda has taken the place of the purveying of the news. The observant reader of American newspapers will observe with interest how in certain papers and groups of papers there are periodical drives in which editorial and news columns are coordinated with tremendous skill for producing a particular effect. During the war this sort of interpretation was often used in a noble way with the highest of motives. The press has, indeed, the function of helping the stable and honest and forward-looking elements of the community to become conscious of the meaning of their own life and of the significance for the character of the community of the events which are recorded. But the interpretation ought to be held with care to the editorial

page and the news articles should give a perfectly clear statement of exactly those facts and those utterances which are in opposition to the editorial position of the paper.

IV. The newspaper which misinterprets the community.

It must already have become clear that interpretation is a very dangerous weapon. And one must confess that there is such a thing as the constant and adroit misinterpretation of a community and its life on the part of a newspaper. Expert studies of publicity have shown that in certain industrial crises there were influential newspapers which published not an account of what occurred but an account of what certain groups would like to have occur. To be sure, this sort of thing in the end defeats itself, for it becomes a matter of general knowledge. But the day of disillusionment can be long deferred, especially if a large majority of the readers desire the thing to be true which they read. In these cases when at last the methods which have been pursued come to be understood there is a loss of prestige which it is indeed difficult

to regain. At this point the reader as well as the supplier of news is often guilty of a very unfortunate attitude. When all readers learn to read with patient care things which they do not like to admit to be true it will be easier for the men of the press to tell the whole truth.

V. The newspaper which guides the community.

There is a very notable sense in which a newspaper can attain to community leadership. As the days and months and years go by the community comes to know a particular management with a fairly shrewd appraisement. And the policy of honesty and good will and the support of those causes which make for genuine community betterment will at last give their own secure reward. The paper comes to have a position of its own. It even comes to have a sort of personality. Because it is known to speak carefully and out of ample knowledge and with genuine character at last every one of its pronouncements comes to be read with care, to be considered with earnestness, and often to be accepted as the very voice of the best thought and feel-

ing of the community. The editorial page will become a power if through a long period of years it shows itself worthy of power. And there is no more masterful and potent leadership than that of a great newspaper in which the people have confidence.

In this field special series of articles written by experts and men of large experience and effective powers of expression have obtained a wide recognition. Large sums of money have been spent in securing such articles. Great pains have been taken to secure dependable accounts of matters of public interest. Much of the finest work in contemporary journalism has been in this field.

The maintaining of a staff of experts who know the whole field of international relationships and who have technical knowledge in relation to the various matters of public interest is of the greatest importance in this matter of securing a position of community leadership. And along this line much notable work has been done by great American dailies.

VI. The newspaper which misleads the community.

All the power of leadership which comes

to a commanding newspaper can be distorted in such a fashion that the organ of public opinion becomes a misleading influence in the public life. There is never ceasing pressure from sinister sources and from sources which represent movements which though not themselves questionable are ready to use methods which are very questionable indeed. And under this ceaseless demand it is not surprising that the power of the press is sometimes prostituted. This matter is of so much importance that it is not fair to ask the newspaper men to do all the fighting and all the resisting of pressure. The readers must keep awake and observant. They must let the management of the papers know how they appreciate their loyalty and how watchfully they are following the influences which prey upon the press. In this way they will give new courage and strength to a group of men who are often struggling against heavy odds. The newspaper which deliberately and skillfully and of set purpose misleads the public is a menace to the life of the community and that paper should be relentlessly and ceaselessly opposed.

The matter of race prejudice is more and more a thing of great practical importance. The questions of race are becoming the outstanding body of questions before the mind of the world. And that type of journalistic misleading of the public which consists in creating and developing race hatred is one of the most dangerous forms of this particular brand of prostituted leadership.

VII. The newspaper which inspires a community.

The man who goes in and out of a newspaper office is in no danger of becoming a dreamy and sentimental idealist. He is a very shrewd and hard-headed and knowing person. But for all this it is possible for him to be in a very brave and productive sense a man of vision and of moral enthusiasm. And it is possible for a newspaper to exercise a far-reaching influence as an inspiring force in the life of the community. It is not too much to ask that the best things men think and the finest things which they do shall be given due recognition in the pages of the papers which come to our homes and to our offices every day.

And it is not too much to expect that a certain atmosphere of belief in the community spirit of good shall permeate the papers which are given such constant entrance to our minds. To a notable extent just this sort of thing has been accomplished in many newspapers in America. Sometimes it is a very specific matter of connection with the work of such an institution as the Christian Church, as in the case of that powerful daily which gives two full pages every Monday evening to sermons preached the day before. Sometimes it is in series of articles about great themes of human welfare or movements against entrenched evils and such articles are read in many of our cities on the pages of outstanding papers. Sometimes it is a spirit which in subtle fashion is distilled from the whole paper. You put it down feeling that it is the product of clean minds applied to great and constructive tasks.

VIII. The newspaper which debauches a community.

We must frankly admit that there have been and are newspapers which leave a trail of slime wherever they go. They de-

velop a remorseless expertness in the pursuit of the loathsome details of every crime and in respect of the practice of vice. They fill their pages with the hot brutalities of uncontrolled men and women. They find deadly secrets of making vice fasinating and of sneering at virtue. They cultivate the mood of disbelief in goodness and unabashed loyalty to the selfish and the sordid. They minister to every fierce and uncontrolled passion and they create an appetite for the hectic and the fevered indulgence which every age must fight as a bitter foe. They become the mouthpiece of the underworld and the citadels of lawlessness. And they scatter seeds of evil as far as their pages go. The newspaper which debauches a community is one of the most brilliant examples of efficient and highly articulated evil.

It is not hard to see the duty of the Christian man and of the Christian Church in respect of this whole situation. It is not too much to expect that the Christian forces shall be an articulate and well organized group always ready to support the press of honesty and good will. The news-

paper which gives an accurate reflection of the common life, which interprets it faithfully and nobly, which guides the community with intelligence and sagacity and right purpose, and which inspires in men devotion to those good principles and good causes which shine like pure gold in the midst of the disillusionments of life, the newspaper which commits itself to these things has a right to expect the support of Christian men and of the Christian Church. The newspapers of falseness and bad will are the most powerful foes of the advancement of the kingdom of God and against them the church must inevitably make itself felt.

Like the wise man of whom the book of Ecclesiastes tells, the Christian man of to-day would walk in the light of knowledge and not in the darkness of ignorance. The newspaper of honesty and good will is his ally. And he must help to produce it and he must maintain it. So will another great institution find its relation to those matters which are the concern of the human community as well as the deepest responsibility of the Christian Church.

VII

THE LAND WITH A FRIENDLY FACE

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem.—Psalm 137. 5.

Robert Louis Stevenson in his South Sea Island home dreamed of the motherland with such longing as a man of Scottish birth ever feels for the land of the heather. The streets of Edinburgh, that Athens of the North, lived in his mind until he saw their very buildings. The land and the city which he could reach only in thought were enshrined in his heart. So centuries before an exile in the low-lying lands of Babylonia dreamed of the noble hill country of his fathers and of the city which was its capital. So the poignant cry was torn from his heart: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!"

One does not have to be an exile far from home in order to feel the thrill of the meaning of the life of one's native land. There are moments when the splendor of the best hours of its history gleam before our eyes

in sudden brightness. There are moments when the far-flung potency of its present life stands startlingly revealed. And there are moments when the promise of its future is like the dawn which Kipling saw come up like thunder in its impact of light.

The fifteenth century was the century of America's discovery. The spirit of impetuous and dauntless adventure carried men upon quests never attempted before. And there are no more surprises left for the dwellers in this earth like that bright astonishment with which men learned of the New World on the other side of the sea. The sixteenth century was the century of exploration. Everywhere peering eyes moved tracing out the lines of hill and valley and river in the new continent. On mountain tops they stood gazing upon broad valleys never before seen by men from Europe. They floated upon broad and expansive rivers. They looked upon the blue waters of new seas. The seventeenth century was the century of settlement. Now men came not to explore but to build homes. Up and down the Atlantic seaboard their

towns arose. Sometimes they were Puritans desiring to make a new land free from Anglican mastery, as in New England. Sometimes they were cavaliers fleeing from an England held in Puritan hands, as in Virginia. Sometimes they were Catholics come away from a Protestant land, as in Maryland. Sometimes they were Protestants like the Huguenots fleeing from a land where Catholic leadership was dominant. But they were all seeking homes and an opportunity to express the convictions which mastered them in their own way. They were all brave men, and they were ready to pay a price of bitter privation for the building up of a new life in the New World. The eighteenth century was the century of growth and independence. The colonies enlarged in numbers and in power. Their mutual interests drew them together. At last together they achieved their freedom and united in a common life. So the republic was born, and in 1789, the very year of the fall of the Bastile, George Washington became the first President of the United States. The nineteenth century was a time of expan-

sion and political integration. The permanent unity of the nation was achieved on the field of battle, and strangely enough all this was wrought out in the very period when Italy was accomplishing its unification under Cavour and Germany was being unified by Bismarck. What had been a group of States along the Atlantic seaboard became a nation reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a nation of such natural resources as fairly staggered the imagination.

So much for history. Is it possible to look into the future? Is it possible to detect the distinguishing notes of the life of our nation in the twentieth century? Can we trace the trails along which the thought and the activity of Americans will move in the days which lie ahead? Already some things have become clear. And it is at least within the reach of careful and sober judgment to declare that our task is the task of synthesis, the task of coordinating the life within and of becoming a part of the coordinated life of the world without. To put it in a more concrete fashion, the task of the twentieth century is to make

friends with ourselves and to make friends with the world.

In a sense America has always been the land with the friendly face. In the seventeenth century, as we have seen, men from nation after nation in Europe came here to find the freedom which they could not exercise in their own land. And vastly as they differed, by the end of the eighteenth century they had learned to live together in mutual tolerance in the new republic. As the century wore on, exiles from many a land found America the haven of their hopes. Did the liberal movement fail in Germany in 1848? America held out welcoming hands to the democrats whose land had failed to become a democracy. Did the bureaucracy in Russia persecute the Jews? America was the land of opportunity to men and women and little children who had suffered intolerable and torturing experiences. Did men of southern Italy dimly dream of a larger life? America was the haven of their desire and the land where they sought and found a foothold.

It cannot be denied, however, that the

process of amalgamation has gotten woefully behind. And it cannot be denied that a good many men and women and little children have seen on the face of America an expression cold and indifferent with no warming quality of sympathy. That there are real and definite problems connected with the vast masses of unassimilated folk in America cannot be denied. But we must never forget that this defines the very terms of the problem. The twentieth century must achieve assimilation. It must achieve coordination. It must be the century when we make friends with ourselves.

We must constantly realize that there are men of the noblest good will and of the eagerest desire for sound and brotherly character in every race and in every national group to be found in our land. They come with sore hearts, many of the new arrivals. But masses of them come with souls all ready to kindle and to flame with every noble impulse and every high conception of responsible and effective and gracious living. And the older groups with their incomplete synthesis have multitudes

of the same sort of forward-looking men. The real America is this brotherhood of good will integrated from all the races and nations which go to make up American life. Many of them come trailing clouds of glory, the glory of a great racial and national achievement. And they come bringing richness of appreciation and sensitiveness of spirit and sturdy strength as a gift to our common life. Some of them come trailing clouds of shame. And even among these the wistful desire for a good and stable and strong life is to be found again and again. Taken altogether, America represents at its best the funded idealism of the nations of the world. The memory of the most heroic action and the most understanding thought and the richest æsthetic life of the race is a part of the heritage of the men and women who make up America. And we are to learn to think of the great group of hearty good will, not in the terms of their past national or racial relationships but in the terms of their American spirit and their dependable character. The man who meets one of them with averted eyes sins against the very

deepest sanction of our national life. Together we are to face the future. Together we are to build the structure of our nation in the coming days.

It must be admitted that there are men of bad will and groups of bad will in America. The ancestors of some of them came over in the Mayflower. The ancestors of some of them came from northern Europe. Some of them have memories of eastern Europe and some of them represent the tradition of southern Europe. They belong to every class. They are to be found in every social and intellectual type. Sometimes they are rich. Sometimes they are poor. Sometimes they are men of learning. Sometimes they are ignorant. There are men of every color and every race represented in America in this class of bad will. They must be dealt with in such a way as to conserve the best interests of the republic. And here some important principles must be observed. A man is to be opposed always because he is a man of bad will and never because he is a member of any particular racial and national group. There is no place in America for race hatred. There

is no place in America for religious hatred. There must be no refusal of justice to any class because of its religious or racial affiliations. The propaganda of hatred against classes and races is un-American and criminally evil. In respect of the men of bad will there must be a scientific study of the environment out of which they have come and of the economic and social forces which have played upon them. Sometimes an understanding of their history is an understanding of the method by which a remedy may be applied. Thus it comes to pass that out of the group of bad will, men and women are won to a new purpose and brought within the influence of the friendly face. To be sure, there are those who cannot be so reached. And it is necessary to deal with them in steady and strong fashion. But there must never be an outcry against any racial or religious group as if that group were the great producer of men of bad will. And each case must be treated with the most careful justice.

With this spirit America can meet its first requirement of making friends with itself. The great faiths of the nation have

a common foundation in the belief in a personal God, a belief in the moral law, a belief in brotherhood, and a belief in immortality. These form a notable basis of religious inspiration which they can share. So the men of good will of all the groups can stand together against the sordid and sinister forces which are a menace to us all.

The second task which the century brings is that we shall make friends with the world. Modern science has made the world one. There is oneness of knowledge. You do not have an English kind of knowledge and a French kind of knowledge and an American kind of knowledge. There is unity in the whole vast realm of science. Commerce has given unity to the world of exchange. Every market in the world is affected by every other market. And the only safe world for commerce is a world with a common and dependable law. Transportation has been so speeded up and the transmission of knowledge has become so nearly instantaneous that with a sort of pardonable exaggeration one may say that space and time have been struck a body blow. The period of an isolated pros-

perity has passed. The period of an isolated suffering of economic reverse has passed. Influences from the uttermost part of the world quickly reach every other part. In such a world we must learn to live together in friendly cooperation if any of us are to have permanent prosperity and happiness. Prince Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid" expresses more than a biological principle. It expresses a principle of international relationships. The nation which would exploit the whole world simply ends by endangering the whole fabric of civilization. The land with a friendly face is promoting international efficiency when it promotes international good will. All the races must have a real place and a real opportunity in the life of the world. Red men, yellow men, brown men, black men, and white men must each come to a genuine opportunity for a full expression of the racial genius without crushing each other and without exploiting each other. The peril is not in any race. The peril is in the men of bad will in that race. The military party in Japan must be watched with close scrutiny as we

watch the military party in any land. The democratic party in Japan must be encouraged and developed as we encourage and develop that party in every nation. There is no place in the world for racial hostility. There is a place for hostility to the purposes of bad will in every race, even the white race. The nation with the friendly face realizes that the men of good will in all the world must face the task of securing such a method of life as shall give new and larger opportunity to the weak and the poor and those circumscribed in economic relationships in all the world. We are all capitalists in the sense that we have the securities of personality. And we must all be laborers in the sense that these securities must be invested if they are to bring in returns. The world as a whole must face the economic and social problem and decide it in the light of a world-wide application of principles of social and economic justice. And here is the greatest task of the twentieth century. It will need all the patience and sober good will of many a nation with a friendly face to accomplish all that is imperative here.

On this Thanksgiving Day we come to the hour of worship with gracious memories and extraordinary opportunities and high hopes. We will not forget our Jerusalem. We will remember our land with the deepest affection and the most consecrated action. And wisely and patiently and with the help of God we will make friends with ourselves and with the world.

VIII

THE TREASURE

Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.—Matthew 6. 21.

WRITING in the seventeenth century, the philosopher Spinoza said: "The things that commonly happen in life and are esteemed among men as the highest good (as is witnessed by their works) can be reduced to these three: Riches, Fame, and Lust; and by these the mind is so distracted that it can scarcely think of any other good." Any list of those things which men have considered treasures must surely include these three. The desire for possessions drives men through mad years of intense endeavor. The desire to be recognized and honored by other men beats like a fever in many a young man's blood. And the young person who once expressed the desire while moving through the world to taste every kind of sensation life has to offer only put into curiously honest speech that eagerness for all the swift-moving

pleasures of sense which is the power in so many lives. There are surely more treasures than those which can be reduced to these three types, however. Dr. Henry van Dyke once wrote a volume of fascinating stories called *The Ruling Passion*. Each was the tale of a life and its relation to the thing which that life treasured most of all. I remember that the ruling passion of one of the characters was the love of music, and that can surely exist apart from compulsion of riches and fame and lust. Indeed, the love of knowledge is one of the fundamental treasures. The Grammarian, in Browning's powerful poem, working "dead from the waist down," had a love of knowledge quite for its own sake. And there is a love of power quite apart from the occupying of high position. "The Mayor of the Palace" may be quite content to have another man possess the title of king as long as he holds the real authority. Then there is a love of action which causes a man to be happy if all his energies are vigorously engaged upon some engrossing enterprise. Action itself is his passion. Action itself is his treasure.

THE TREASURE

The thoughtful man at the threshold of his years of mature life and experience may well feel a certain wistfulness as he tries to find his way among the possible treasures. And here it needs to be remarked that a man's treasure is not necessarily the thing which he possesses. It is often the thing he would like to possess. A man of abject poverty may be a man of the utmost avarice. The thing upon which a man fastens his mightiest desire is his treasure, and even men not addicted to constant moods of seriousness may well recognize that one of the moments of supreme meaning is the moment when a man selects his treasure. As Jesus notably phrased it: "The man's heart will be found with his treasure." And so in this sense the treasure determines the character of the man.

If we have any apprehension at all of the amazing penetration of the mind of Jesus, if we have felt his gift of cutting aside the unessential and coming to the really defining and significant matter, we will turn eagerly to hear his advice about this matter of choosing a treasure. At first we may feel a trifle disappointed. Very earn-

estly he tells his little group of friends that if they are wise they will not lay up treasures on earth. In fact, they will make it their supreme endeavor to lay up treasures in heaven. For the moment these words seem other-worldly, and the product of a mind not in genuine and hearty contact with the realities of the life we are living. The more we think of the teaching of Jesus, however, the more we will suspect that this is not true. As a matter of fact, with all his radiant and high climbing idealism, Jesus possessed a wonderfully practical mind. Our attention has been called to the frequency with which he spoke of money. The parable of the talents is only an instance of the way in which his mind turned to those values represented by the currency. We must approach his teaching about a man's treasures with a constant sense of the shrewd insight as well as the high idealism of his teaching.

What, then, is Jesus attempting to say to his disciples in this memorable word? Perhaps we may phrase it in this way. He begins with one tremendous assumption—man's life is to go on beyond the reaches of

the experience of this present world. Man is immortal; and if man is immortal, the one fundamental thing of importance in his choice of a treasure is that the treasure shall last as long as the life of the man. He must not give his supreme devotion to anything which will wear out and leave him living on and on with his supreme interest dead at his feet. "You must choose as your treasure," says Jesus in effect, "something which will continue as long as your own life continues." An immortal man must have an immortal treasure.

At this point we may be halted by an earnest voice which makes the observation that no doubt all of this is true and eminently practical providing you can be sure that man is immortal. But is that not just a point where assurance is impossible? And does not that vitiate the whole argument? Here we must frankly admit that Jesus does not argue about immortality. As we said before, he assumes it. And we must frankly say, further, that each man must decide for himself whether he will take the risk of acting as if he is the possessor of an immortal destiny or will build

all his activities about some lower view. A very able American used to say in the days when the brilliant rhetoric of Colonel Ingersoll was attracting much attention that he had a great advantage over the eloquent skeptic. He believed in immortality. If he was right, he would know it and Colonel Ingersoll would know it. On the other hand, the popular foe of religion did not believe in immortality. If he was right, he would never know it, and those who disagreed with him would never know it. The man who took the risks of the great belief had from this standpoint everything to hope and nothing to fear. The truth is, of course, much deeper than this. At the point where a man decides what sort of a life he will live there is always enough uncertainty to make the decision a real adventure of faith. It must be so, if life is to keep its moral quality. But the men who make the great adventure enter upon a type of experience where immortality becomes the most assured conviction. "Others may reason and question," says Browning. "We musicians know." Others may reason and question, we may para-

phrase; we Christians know. The question at the time of decision reduces itself to this: Shall a man meet the fundamental issues in the light of the very highest possible thought about life, or will he be content to make his decisions on some basis where this high demand is not felt. And the spirits with moral and spiritual courage will always make the great adventure. "I paint for eternity," declared a great artist. The men who listen to the profoundest voices in their lives will always live for eternity.

From the point of view occupied by Jesus then the question becomes: "What are those treasures which are permanent?" "What are those treasures which will not wear out, but will last as long as man himself continues?" And the answer which immediately arises when once the question is put in this form is this: A man finds himself in the midst of other people. They too have an immortal destiny. If he makes human devotion a treasure, he has chosen that which has the same secret of continuance which belongs to his own life. There is a story of a wealthy magnate who

lived near a great city. He was going home one night from the town weary and preoccupied. He left the train to find a luxurious limousine waiting for him. He sank back into its cushions heavy and listless. Soon he was driving through land every bit of which he owned almost as far as eye could see. But to-night he was not interested in land. He was driven to a palatial house where he was master. But he was not interested in great houses. Just as he emerged from the car a door opened and out came a tiny mass of eager eyes and yellow hair, and a small voice cried, "Oh, father, I'm so glad you are here." In a moment all his listlessness was gone. He held the tiny child in his arms in an eager, happy embrace. Here was someone who could give back love for his own love. Here was his own child. And had he thought of it, here was a personality with all the secret of undying personality which belonged to his own life. Not things, but people, constitute an eternal treasure. The man who gives his life to the loving and serving of other men and women and little children has found a

touch of the infinite in the finite. He is touching eternity whenever he touches a human spirit.

All this does not mean that there is not a right and wholesome enjoyment and use of those things which have no secret of eternal existence. It does mean that they must always be a means to an end. Whenever a man cares more for things than for people he is choosing as his treasure that which must fail him and prove a disappointment at last. There is a tale of an eminent man, full of love of letters and of art, who came near to the end of his life. One day an old family servant found him moving slowly and with tottering steps through his splendid library. He was touching many a treasured volume with sensitive, loving fingers. He was laying gentle hands upon one after another of the exquisite bits of statuary with which the room was adorned. He was gazing at the pictures all full of glory of many colored beauty. And as he moved slowly about he said over and over to himself, "I must leave you, I must leave you." All the things of this amazing and fascinating

world have their glad, good place. But they must be the symbols and the instruments of something eternal if they are not to leave dust and ashes upon our lips at last. A man has a right to have just as large a fortune as he can secure honestly and use wisely, and especially just as large a fortune as he can perpetually master. If he becomes the slave of his fortune, as far as he is concerned a bitter word once spoken by a great optimist becomes true, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." And the disillusionment will come at last when he realizes, in the shrewd, quaint words of David Harum, that "shrouds have no pockets."

When a man has begun to give great and noble devotion to other people he has at least made a beginning in the direction of laying up treasures in heaven. He has begun to love that which will last as long as his own life continues. But there is a passionate capacity for devotion in man which not even the richest and noblest human devotion can satisfy. You are at least moving in its direction though you have not yet sighted it as you follow the

meaning of the words of Guinevere: "We needs must love the highest when we see it, not Lancelot nor another." And the highest is not human personality. It is the personality of God. There is a hunger for perfection at the heart of the confused and broken life of man which can be satisfied only as he gives his deepest devotion to the high and stainless God. The man of letters who lay terribly ill in a great city and muttered into the ears of the bending nurse the words, "I want—I want—my heavenly Father," expressed this unquenchable desire. "Thou hast made us for thyself," cried Augustine, "and our souls are restless until they find rest in thee." The ample, opulent, and exhaustless resources of God are to satisfy the outreach of that undying spirit which in the midst of wayward and failing ways finds the passion for perfection burning at his heart.

The man who has made God his supreme treasure can love and serve men as he has never loved and served them before. He can use all the passing elements of this potential and glittering world with a mas-

tery which appreciates, but never surrenders to the slavery of things. And as he gazes through the dim distances of the future he finds it as varied and perpetually satisfying as the fullness of the divine life. He has indeed laid up his treasures in heaven. He has put himself on the side of eternity. And his citizenship in the busy world where he dwells is all the more sure and steady because his heart is captured by the eternal mysteries. "To understand earth," says an old French proverb, "you must have known heaven."

The real amazement which comes to a thoughtful man arises when he perceives that he is so made that only God himself can be his treasure, that all other treasures assume their proper place when they are a part of this supreme and unending devotion. And because we worship a Christ-like God all of this is made hearty and human and infinitely gripping in every relation of life. It is this treasure which Jesus came to offer. It is this treasure which is our eternal wealth.

IX

INCREASING THE VALUES OF THE WORLD

Be fruitful.—Genesis 1. 28.

THE first chapter of the book of Genesis is full of the sense of God's joy in his work of creation. Once and again we are told that God saw that it was good. And his will that the world should be a world of rich productiveness is vividly declared. "Be fruitful" is the word which expresses God's purpose for the world. We seem far enough from the idyllic picture suggested by these ancient words. But it is still true that the fundamental matter in our existence is the matter of productiveness. To advance in every way the fruitfulness of the world is a high and most worthy calling. The producer is the fundamental benefactor of the world.

There is always the matter of production in the material world. The man who cooperates with nature and as a tiller of the soil or a herdsman is a worker for the

fruitfulness of the world is still our fundamental man. He provides us with food to eat and with clothes to wear. All civilization rests at last on agriculture. The man who brings forth the treasures of the mines and bends the forces of nature to his purpose is a producer to whose work we all pay toll. When he supplies us with coal he is making it possible for us to manufacture a little bit of summer in the midst of winter; he is making it possible for us to prepare our food for the eating, he is bringing to us stored up energy which will set all sorts of machinery going and will make us master of forces more powerful than we. Every time a new and effective machine is invented the world is a more potential place in which to live. The brilliant intellectual achievements of Greece depended at last upon the institution of slavery. The machine is to be the slave on whose broad shoulders the brilliant eras of the future are to rest. And the machine is to make possible a republic where every man can be a ruler. The world of material things has come to be a bewildering world. And in the midst of it all man moves the

master of the forces which he has released. The worker who understands the significance of it all has a great pride in this amazing fruitfulness of the human mind. He has his great dream of a world where in the noblest way every man is a producer and where the values of the world are increased by the labor of every human being.

The fundamental duty of being a producer, of having a share in the fruitfulness of the world, cannot be stated with too much emphasis. John Ruskin put it powerfully once when he said, "No man has a right to eat a meal which he has not earned." The problem of a true man is not to escape the task of being a producer. It is the question of finding the fashion in which he can be the most effective producer of the most important values.

The material world does not exhaust the values of life. Food and clothing answer to deep and structural necessities. But they are not an end in themselves and the body which they feed is not an end in itself. They exist and it exists for the sake of making possible a more lofty life.

Mankind is responsible for material production. Mankind is also responsible for mental production. And the normal world is not a world where the vast multitudes are productive in the material realm, and only a few are productive in the world of the mind. Mental fruitfulness is to be the portion of every man and every woman and every child. And where it is not one can only say that society has failed to function in complete and adequate fashion.

For a good many centuries a good many men have been busy adding to the mental fruitfulness of the world. Some centuries have constellations of intellectual leaders who are a perpetual glory to the land and the age which produced them. The characteristic aspect of our own age is the increase of the number of men and women who may be said to be fruitful in the realm of the mind. The whole work of some men is done in this realm. And their mental fruitfulness makes itself felt to the ends of the earth. But increasingly we are realizing that the tasks and the pleasures of the mind are universal in their opportunity and their obligation. To every ra-

tional being comes the command, "Be fruitful and fill the world with wise and true and wholesome ideas."

The responsibility of every human being is very heavy at this point. It is possible to let the mind perish of a sort of dry rot. It is possible to make action the substitute for thought. It is possible to avoid the gymnasium where the muscles of the mind are made strong and ready for any demand. And we must realize that the rare and wonderful instrument of a mind is a treasure of unspeakable value. It is like the rarest and most wonderful sort of violin. And we must learn to play this instrument so that we will bring out all the music. So many people keep minds in their houses which they have never learned to play. So many people bury this talent in the ground instead of investing it and securing a noble return.

There is one mind which every man can bring to fuller power and larger value all the time. And that mind is his own. It is also true that while he is doing this he will be affecting other minds and making it easier for them to reach their full ca-

pacity. There is always danger that a bright young man may suppose that adroitness is real mental power. It is the mind which is a sure and dependable instrument for the finding of the truth, for coming into understanding contact with reality, which is the mind actually attaining the highest value to its possesser and to the world.

Here it is important to realize the difference between manipulation and production. When a man invents an instrument which humanity needs, and as a result secures large returns, he is receiving the reward of actual productiveness. When a man applies his mind to making the largest use of existing instruments of value he is in effect adding to their number. But when a man by deft manipulation secures such control of the market or such a relation to certain stocks that he secures a return without rendering a corresponding service, he is not a producer. In a very ignoble sense he is a manipulator. He is a parasite. The world really has a harder lot because he is living in it and all his gains have an odor about them which the real producer recognizes with distaste. The

man who is choosing his life work must face the full significance of the fundamental distinction. Does the work of which he is thinking involve a real and necessary service to the world, or is it merely a matter of becoming a participant in the battle of wits as to who shall be able to get control of the largest amount of the spoil?

To be sure, the realm of production is a large one. On the mental side it includes the securing and the interpreting and executive activities of a system of wise laws. It includes all necessary tasks of organization and administration. But it does not include any activity which is a method of obtaining values without rendering a corresponding service. The man who is a mere manipulator is one of the most sinister figures and in a fashion one of the most pitiable figures in a world where God intended every man to be a producer.

There is a great enterprise in relation to moral fruitfulness in the world. There is no more important product than character, and the production of character is the most

important industry in the world. A wise man once declared that the purpose of humanity was to propagate life and character. And when you come to think of it the first has no permanently good meaning without the second. The man who can teach morals, the man who can reinforce moral considerations, the man who can have a share in the production of character is engaged in a business which is fundamental to the health of the world, and at last is fundamental to the very existence of a developing civilization.

The fruitfulness of humanity finds a particularly happy expression in the social spirit. And this social spirit, although it has to do with many men and women and many little children, must find lodgment in particular minds and hearts. There is no brotherly feeling which floats about in the world at large, sweetening life without having any contact with particular lives. The new society is produced as individual men are saved from the selfish mind and become possessed of the social mind. When a man commits the Golden Rule to his life, and not merely to his memory, he is pro-

ducing, as far as his own character is concerned, the social spirit. Most people are very happy to apply the social spirit to their own circle. But there are masses of people all about them who simply never come within that circle. When Thomas Mott Osborne said he wanted every criminal to come to the place where he would think of all other men as his pals, he was setting forth an ideal which would have transforming effect outside our penal institutions. The social mind considers all other minds significant. It finds all other lives interesting. It is ready to offer to each a real quality of comradeship. It is ready to find in each something to love. And it thinks of human nature as the most wonderful land in its perpetual possibilities as regards the discovery of new and glorious and unsuspected treasures. There is no bloom and no fruit of the individual life more potent for good among men than the growth of the social spirit. Every human value in the world is multiplied as the social spirit grows.

The root of the social spirit lies in the ability to view all people in the light of

their possibilities rather than of their achievements. A character in one of Archibald Marshall's stories says to the father of the young woman he is to marry: "I have not done anything to deserve her yet, but I will if you let me have her." What he said was not quite true, for he had already attained qualities of character and of robust manhood which are the final matters to those who really look into the heart of life. But he was young and his achievements all lay in the future. The father believed in his capacity. And that belief made all the difference in the world. Life becomes an infinitely interesting experience if we once realize that all the while we are meeting people with unsuspected powers slumbering within them. All the people we meet are really abler of mind, richer of nature than they have ever discovered. To help them to make the discovery is to exercise the true social spirit. And it is the most effective sort of activity in increasing the values of the world.

The fruitfulness of human life has a most important expression in the development of the sense of beauty and the noble

response to its summons. There are many kinds of beauty in the world. There is beauty of line and color in respect of things, there is beauty of unfolding life, there is the beauty of thought and there is the beauty of character. Each form of beauty has its place. And each is dependent upon its relation to some higher variety until you come to the highest kind of all. The sense of beauty in things and beauty in people, of beauty in speech and beauty in character, is a growing thing, developing as we heed it and give it place in our lives. The more leisure a people possesses, the more opportunity there is to discipline and develop the love of beauty until it receives fine expression in every aspect of a nation's life. Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* opens with a rather intense emphasis on the ugliness of the typical Middle Western town. There is more to be said about any town than you can say after looking down its main street. But in the long run the main street ought to express the sense of harmony as well as the capacity for utility. Our own nation has passed the pioneer stage in much of its life.

It has new responsibilities to the spirit of beauty which has such deep kinship with the spirit of holiness. In this regard we are to be fruitful and fill the land with material and intellectual and moral loveliness.

The highest of all the values of the world are the spiritual values. And our fruitfulness is by no means complete until it includes the realm of the spirit. Most of us have known some people who somehow gave us a sense of spiritual altitude. It is not that they were posing. That would have made quite impossible the very impression of which I speak. It is not that they were conscious of spiritual height. The charm and the wonder was just their entire unconsciousness. They were all the while assuming that other people looked at the world from their own lofty position. And in an astonishing number of cases people rose to the demand. It is tremendously hard to disappoint sincere spiritual expectation. We all know when we stop to think of it that the people of spiritual height are the great people in any enterprise. They have a place all their own. They do a work all their own. They are

a part of the best capital of the world. We watch them with a certain wistfulness. Sometimes we wonder if their kind is vanishing from the earth. It would be a terribly sad and lonely place without them. We may not rise to their height. But we need them as a shelter in a time of storm. The command to be fruitful comes to a climax of meaning in this field of spiritual values. Jesus was the supreme example of spiritual worth. And he has kept imparting great secrets of spiritual productiveness to men these twenty centuries. The consciousness of the nearness of God and the consciousness of the commanding reality of spiritual things alive in a human being is really the greatest wealth to be found in all this world.

In all these ways each generation is to increase the values to be found on this planet. It is to be richer in material values because we have lived. It is to be richer in character because we have walked the ways of the earth. It is to be richer in mental power and in attained knowledge because we have used our minds. It is to be richer in social interest and consecration because

we have moved among men. It is to be richer in the sense of beauty, in the possession of beautiful things and in the possession of the invisible beauty which speaks through material things because we have lived to love the things which have clean beauty and noble grace. It is to be a world richer in all those attributes of the spirit which come from an awareness of God and all the realities which lift this mortal into the realm of immortality. In every way we are to be producers. And in all these fashions we are to add to the values of the world. We are to be fruitful in these ample ways. We are to multiply all good and beautiful things. We are to fill the world with material and moral and mental and social and æsthetic and spiritual values.

The man who in this deep, true sense is a producer is one who fills the place in the world which God meant him to fill. He may have little recognition. But he has that inner and outer wholesomeness which comes to a man who thinks honestly and works faithfully and acts fearlessly, and is in constant contact with the actualities of things. He comes at last to that inner

serenity which is the heritage of the good and honest worker in the midst of all the confusions of the world.

It is with almost a shock of recognition that we realize how deeply productive was the life of Jesus in all these fashions. He released forces which increased every sort of real value there is in the world. In this deep sense his was the most productive life of history. The triumph of his kingdom means the conservation of every noble value in the life of this world and the attainment of every completion of value in the world to come.

X

THE MINISTRY OF THE MYSTIC

The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Corinthians 4. 18.

All boys admire men of action. And if it is true that all girls read boys' stories and no boys read girls' stories, then all girls admire men of action too. And the instinctive regard for men of powerful and achieving activity never quite dies out of our hearts. We may stop reading tales of adventure, but we do not cease to regard the man of the mighty deed with a quickened beat of the heart and a thrill of enthusiasm. And we respond to the words a certain poet wrote about God:

> "Our Lord is still the God of might,
> In deeds, in deeds he takes delight."

There may be rough and unlovely aspects to Cromwell's character, but as we watch him lift England into a new place in the estimation of all Europe, and as we

feel the march of his far-reaching and fruitful activities, we have the sense of satisfaction which comes from the contemplation of a life which has expended vast energies in notable ways. Here was a real man living a real man's life. You all the while know that at the heart of the commonwealth is a man of massive and potent will who crystallizes ideas into deeds with almost bewildering force. And when over against the period of Cromwell you think of an age restless for lack of leadership, with no commanding figure at its center, you have a wistful loneliness as you look in vain for the masterful man.

You may be reluctant to turn from the quick and decisive force of the man of action to the more quiet and subtle processes of the man of thought, but sooner or later you are forced to admit that the man of action is not the only hero. The thinker sits upon the throne of the world, and it is perfectly easy for a battle which has been won by the force of arms to be lost by the mind of man. When the philosopher Kant, in his town at the far border of Germany, quiet and untraveled, goes on with his

great speculations, the character of multitudes of unborn children is being affected by his labors. He lifted the categorical imperative and gave it a new place in the thought of more than one generation. And after you have surveyed the epoch-making character of his thinking you are ready to agree with the poet who declared:

"The man who idly sits and thinks
May sow a nobler crop than corn,
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,
And when God thought a world was born."

Altogether you may be inclined to divide the lordships of the world between the man of thought and the man of action. The one plans, the other executes. The one thinks things out, the other acts things out. And both together make the complete contribution which is needed in the life of the world. If you do come to such a conclusion, you are quite ignoring another and a very significant type. You are forgetting the place in the world of the mystic. You are forgetting the significance of the man who lives by seeing the invisible. You are forgetting the man who discovers

the meaning of the wonderful realm of the inner life and finds there a kingdom of vast and far-reaching significance. It is easy to underestimate the mystic. It is easy to misunderstand the mystic. But for all that he is one of the great figures among the children of men. He is worth knowing. He is worth understanding. And there is something which he has to say to every one of us. His very mistakes are full of instruction. And even when he takes the wrong way we have a deeper apprehension of the meaning of life when we come to know why he was so misled.

Sometimes the mystic is a visionary conspicuously lacking in all practical abilities. We are rather inclined to despise him then, though once and a while some writer, in sharp reaction from all the tense and overwrought activity of our nervous civilization, writes an enthusiastic tribute to the man who in his own way says, "Good-by, proud world, I'm going home," and dreams his way into a realm undisturbed by moving belts and wheels and undistracted by all the hot and driven efficiency of contemporary life. As a matter of fact, the

visionary is an undisciplined mystic. He has flashes of wonderful insight, and if there is a shrewd practical man near him, sometimes there is discovered an amazing cash value to his dreams. He represents the raw material of mysticism rather than its finished product. He is a sort of fertilizer of the human spirit. His value is less in what he produces than in what he helps other people to produce. He does, it must be said, do his share in making the human soil more fertile, and there is a process by which much soil loses its productivity unless it is fertilized by a type of life at the farthest remove from the tense and strained expert who is in a measure disintegrating his nervous system at the very moment when he is using it so effectively. So the visionary is not nearly so useless as he might at first sight appear. He is a rather primitive person, and there is an ampler and more disciplined life before him if he will have it so. But he is not quite the cumberer of the ground he is sometimes made out to be. Of course you cannot afford to have too many of him, and if our civilization were less over-

wrought there would be little place for him at all. He would then represent the man of disciplined vision in the making. He would be the adolescence of productive mysticism.

Sometimes the mystic is a poet. There was a time when we were inclined to think of all poets as mystics. But there are a good many poets to-day who would scorn the relationship. The brittle and cold intellectualism of the processes of Amy Lowell, except when fired by some heat of mere animal warmth, has no kinship with anything any sane person would ever call mysticism. Perhaps it has little kinship with anything a person of real discrimination would call poetry. But at any event there is a school of writers of what they are pleased to call poetry, and what often does show brilliant qualities of its own, who would cheerfully and even eagerly admit that they owe nothing to the insight of the mystic. The moment you open the pages of Wordsworth you are in a different world. Here the visible is always the symbol of the invisible. Here the seen is always the vehicle for the expression of the

meaning of the unseen. Here the glory of the inner and hidden life is all the while cutting its way into the hard and brittle world of things. Here the mystic speaks in words all cleansed and sweetened and beautified by some secret experience in the soul of the poet.

In a poet like Wordsworth you have a step beyond the untutored mysticism of the visionary. Here you have a keen and sure-footed mind. Here you have a feeling steadied and disciplined by the wise and steadying teaching of experience. The fire burns with wonderful brightness. It is, indeed, the fire never seen on sea or land. But it is no erratic and lawless thing. For law meets with mystical beauty in the poet's life, and it is the great and eternal law of righteousness. Wordsworth's Ode to Duty shows us how great an ethical teacher the mystical poet can be.

In Wordsworth the mystic comes very near to nature and very near to the common man. The very world in which we live is invested with a new beauty by his words. And the common lives about us are seen with the light of the eternal gleam-

ing in their eyes. It is very significant that the artificial poetry of men of an earlier period who had no mystical insight did not bring the reader near either to nature or to everyday people. As we think of this contrast it begins to become evident that perhaps the wise mystic is nearer to actuality than some of the men who scorn him.

There is a type of mystic who professes one of the great pantheistic religions of the world. He is a man whose inner life is enriched by long and fruitful meditation. He has wonderful flashes of insight into the heart of many a mystery. He writes when he uses his pen with a deep and brooding skill. We feel that he scorns our quick and hurried achievements. He seems to live very near to the eternal. The pantheistic mystic, however, is all the while near to some very real and some very grave dangers. The man who worships nature very easily becomes a man who worships the whole mass of things as they are. Moral distinctions begin to fade. And it is all too possible for the end to be the apotheosis of vice. There are dark and

ignoble secrets which many a pantheistic mystic could tell. And when he enters this realm he becomes an actual menace to every fair and fruitful and clean thing in the world.

There is a mystic who is a robust evangelical Christian. His mysticism is based firmly upon the ethical teaching of the Old Testament and the New. His moral discrimination becomes clearer as his spiritual experience deepens. But religion means more to him than the belief in the facts and the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. It does mean these things, and it means them right nobly. But this does not exhaust its meaning. And Christianity means more than the zestful and loyal attempt to live according to the teachings of Jesus. It does mean that, and the glory of the insight of Jesus into the very heart of life is clearer all the while. But this does not exhaust the meaning of the Christian religion to the true Christian mystic. Christianity means more than faithful membership in some branch of the historic church and busy activity about the tasks which it sets be-

fore its membership. It includes all the privileges of this membership. But it goes beyond them. Christianity means more than the attempt to bring in a new social order. It does mean that. It means the living and the working in the light of the vision of the new Jerusalem come down out of heaven. But it means more than that. What, then, is the distinctive element in the experience of the Christian mystic, enriching and reenforcing all the things of which we have spoken? It is this: He possesses an inner consciousness of contact between his own spirit and the Master of life which gives propulsion and potency to all his activity and assurance and depth to all his thought. Beneath his thinking and his decisions there is the mastering consciousness of the presence divine, and all his thinking and all of his decisions have a new nobility because of this experience. It was this which the early Methodists meant by assurance; it is this which the captains of vital piety have described by various names with a common meaning under them in many different ages of the life of the church.

The Christian life as companionship with the living Christ is a religion with fresh power for every new day. The meaning of worship is transformed. The hour of meditation is transfigured. The whole inner life comes to a new apprehension of all the things of God and the things of men. This inner relation has its own history of moral struggle, of repudiation of evil, of the acceptance of good, and its own expression on the field of activity. What fire is to a furnace this the experience of contact with God is to the power of the Christian religion in the world.

The experience of the Christian mystic is not to be an isolated thing. It is not a substitute for right thinking or right living. All of these combine to make the full and rounded Christian life. The inner experience enriches the thinking and inspires all noble activity. And so it goes forth to be a practical power in the world.

In the midst of such a discussion as this one is apt to be reminded that there are earnest minds who find these paths extremely difficult. They are eager to do the will of Christ. They are eager to

secure the triumph of his cause in their own lives and in the world. But they are confused and perplexed when the depths of the inner communion of the soul with God are being described. They are more like the author of the New Testament Epistle of James than like that marvelous thoughtful mystic the apostle Paul. They wonder a little how they are to find themselves in relation to these things. The mention of James and Paul suggests the reply. Even in the apostolic circle there were different human types. There is a place in the kingdom of Christ for every man and woman and child who is ready to do his will, whatever their aptitude or lack of aptitude for the experiences of the richest inner life. Each of us is to begin where he lives and to begin to walk the way of Christ. As the years go on many a man who thought that all the words of the rapturous inner life were foreign to his experience will find that maturing experience and ripened Christian living open these doors, and the glories of the inner life, full of the joy of the inner communion, are revealed. Others will always be occupied about busy, loyal

activity, and will scarcely feel the wonder of invisible wings. To all such the path is clear, and it is a noble path of Christian faithfulness. But they are never to scorn the experiences which have not come to them. They are never to underestimate the transforming contacts which, after all, are the central power of the Christian religion in the world. And they are to be ready to welcome the vision and the splendor should they come to their lives.

Others will find that as birds fly and as fish move through the sea so normally do their lives develop in the midst of a great consciousness of the presence of the unseen. The living Christ becomes the most masterful reality in their lives. They are to accept gladly this experience. They are to seek its deepest meanings. They are to remember that it is to be translated into noble thought and into effective Christian action. They possess a dynamic energy which is to be applied to every moral and social task in the world. To do less than this would be to prostitute the very loftiest experience which comes within the reach of man.

THE MINISTRY OF THE MYSTIC

The greatest mystic is, of course, the practical mystic. He is a man of thought and a man of action as well as a man of the inner communion. He is a profound student of men and movements. He is a student of history and of the way in which men have interpreted the mystery of life. He is all the while harnessing his powers to great tasks. Often he is a statesman. He is in action for the kingdom of God. He is shrewd and skillful in all matters of practical organization. He is the sort of man who can be trusted with great enterprises. He is in the midst of the heaving activities of the world. And he is all the while working with effective energy for his Master Christ. And beneath all his action and all his thinking there is the glowing warmth of that inner life which is hid with Christ in God.

When Dr. Frank Gunsaulus died he was called the first citizen of Chicago. He was a great and successful educator. He was a student of art whose influence had been most widely felt. He was an orator who had stirred untold thousands. He was a preacher of imperial power. He was a

writer of books full of the richness and power and sweetness of his own life. And beneath everything else he was a Christian mystic whose own heart had been fired by the presence of God. He had stood in the presence of the burning bush. And the fire from that bush burned year after year in his own spirit. The Eternal was all the while looking out of his eyes, and all the while the Eternal was vocal in his speech.

The things which are seen have their noblest meaning when they are suffused by the quality of those eternal things invisible but potently real to the eye of faith. And the Christian mystic keeps us aware of our citizenship in eternity. When the fire blazes in our own spirits if we really understand it we will not put it out.

XI

THE GREAT COMPANION

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matthew 28. 20.

An old man stood on the corner where two thoroughfares of a great city met. The traffic was congested and the traffic officers were busily and skillfully directing its conflicting currents. People were moving along the sidewalks in such masses that the very sight of them had something bewildering about it. There were old faces and young faces and strong faces and weak faces. In the midst of it all the old man was completely alone. He knew no person in all these converging companies of people. And there came over him the most acute and poignant sense of loneliness. He had been in solitary places in far-away mountains. He had been all alone in the country of the great plains. But he had never felt so forlornly solitary as at this turbulent crossroads in the great metropolis.

There are a great many ways in which men are lonely. Sometimes it is the physical absence of loved ones. And the heart crosses the sea in swift flight to the home where familiar faces smile and familiar hands move about the tasks of every day. There is the loneliness of lack of sympathy. There are plenty of people about, but the flash of the comradely eye and the sense of the nearness of the comradely heart are absent. There is the loneliness of the selfish man. He has no end of intimate relationships in business and in society. But gradually it comes home to him that none of these people of whom he sees so much really care about him. In spite of the round of busy activity together and the contact of the hours of recreation and pleasure he is a solitary man. His spirit moves alone through the days and the nights. Then there is the loneliness of hostility. A man is fighting for a forlorn hope, and as he stands faithful in the hard hour he feels the strange loneliness which comes when the eyes which might be bright with fellowship are, in fact, cold with disapproval. There was a

day in Boston when it seemed to one of Boston's sons that those who might have been his dearest friends had been turned by the slavery contest into bitterest foes.

It is in a world like this with so many kinds of loneliness that the Master promised to be with his disciples. He gave them a great task, and as they set about its accomplishment they might rest with comfort in the knowledge that he would be with them always even to the end of the world. In truth, in an even more intimate sense than these words declare he is the Great Companion always near to men and women and little children even when they least realize his presence.

He is the Companion of our thoughts. As a matter of fact, the little world in which we do our thinking is a much more important world than we realize. You always say a thing in your mind before you say it with your lips. You always do a thing in your mind before you do it with your hand. And so the man who is lord of his thoughts is king of his life. An observant American writer once put it in this way:

"I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with body, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill."

This is the little kingdom where a man feels safest and surest. Men may surround him with urgent influences which sway his life. But his thoughts he feels are his own. Many a man does things in his mind which he feels sure he would never do in any other way. And many a man thinks things he feels sure he would never say. But all the while there is an unseen Presence. He lives this life in his own mind with the Great Companion always near. Mrs. Wharton says of a great mother, "She overheard her son's thoughts." Not even the greatest mother can always do that. But the Master himself always overhears the whole silent conversation of the mind with itself. He is the Companion of the lonely night hour. He is quick to catch that swift thought of the busy day hidden behind the mask of a face which tells no tales. And so he knows us with that astonishing insight from which no secrets are hid. But the unseen guest may

be made the seen and welcomed friend. We may rise in the morning glad of his nearness and with the first morning prayer committing our minds to his keeping. We may meet the problems of the day remembering his presence, and at last every thought may be colored and ennobled because we live in the daily sense that he is with us.

The only safety in the hour of temptation is to find something more real than the temptation. And the subtle appeal which sweeps us from our moorings can be mastered only in the presence of a mightier appeal. This is the tremendous advantage of those who practice daily thinking in the consciousness of the presence of the Great Companion. The growing sense of his presence becomes a thing of strategy when the serpent uncoils and the allurement of evil is with us. For the habit of looking up to that other Presence is now potent. We are not alone with the serpent. We are fighting the serpent in the presence of Christ. The arena of the inner life has many fierce conflicts. And it is when we lose the sense of the presence of the Master that we fail.

The Master is also the companion of our words. He is the silent listener to every conversation. There are times when words are the thin and easy expression of passing moods. There are times when they flash with the revelation of our hidden purpose. There are times when they are the explosive expression of pent up passion. There are times when they are the hard and cold vehicle of deliberate and cruel intention. There are times when they are the method of conscienceless ambition. There are times when they are fragrant with gentle feeling and beautiful with tender devotion. There are times when they are clean as the wind on high mountains. There are times when they take lofty flight with the wings of the soul's highest desire. And all the while the Great Companion is present. Indeed, he is the giver of that vital energy which expresses itself in speech. And the speech which dishonors him is the misuse of a gift which comes warm and rich from his hand.

There is such a thing as a life whose speech is set to the music of a constant consciousness of his presence. Emerson

refers in one of his poems to "the manners of the sky." There is such a thing as the manners growing out of the consciousness of the august and friendly Presence. There is a kind of speech subtly influenced by the awareness of the Great Companion. A good deal that men say is really dictated by the people they meet and the experiences through which they pass. An adroit man does not find it hard to get a good many people to say just what he wants them to say. If a man does not watch closely, his speech is merely the mirror of his environment. The consciousness of the nearness of Christ gives a new background, a new standard, a new stimulus, and a new inspiration. There are a great many things a man does not say because of his invisible Friend. There are a great many things a man does say because of that high prompting. The fine old phrase, "His conversation is in heaven," expresses something of the meaning of all this.

Men go to no place where the Great Companion does not follow them. And there is no difficult or intricate or ugly situation which comes to the point where

it crystallizes into speech without his understanding apprehension. There is infinite sympathy as well as infinite nearness. There is infinite comprehension as well as a perpetual and insistent and noble demand. Professional life, business activities, and all the manifold processes of statesmanship come to the point of speech under the scrutiny of this constant listener to the words of men.

The Master is the companion of our deeds. Our thoughts deepen into feeling. They leap through our lips in energetic speech. They harden at last into the steel strength of deeds. And as what we are becomes what we do the Great Companion stands at our side. There are deeds which are more the thoughtless expression of nervous energy than the deliberate expression of intention. There are deeds which take their color from our surrounding. For men, like chameleons, often wear the protective coloring which makes it hard to distinguish them from the other men about them. "Everybody does it" seems to many people the sufficient justification for their actions. There are deeds

in which the slowly maturing experience of years, the maturing processes of thought, the crystallizing decisions after countless moral struggles put their whole meaning into decisive action. And all the while the Great Companion is waiting, ready to save us from our own carelessness, ready to rescue us from our environment, and ready to deliver us from evil intentions into that goodness of purpose which is the safety of the soul. When we do evil things we are prostituting the instant gift of capacity to act to those deeds which dishonor the giver. When we do good things with good purposes in the doing we are entering into fellowship with that spirit of perpetual goodness which is the spirit of Christ.

Blessed is the man who does his thinking in constant consciousness of the nearness of the Great Companion. Blessed is the man who speaks with a deep awareness of the presence of the invisible Listener. Blessed is the man whose action expresses a conscious companionship with the living Christ.

It is in this fashion that a man is deliv-

ered from life's most devastating loneliness. There is a wonderful room in the human heart which is empty until God is there. Just outside that room he waits within our lives, but not within the throne room until we open the doors and bid him welcome. Then the last solitary pang of the spirit's loneliness is transferred to the glowing gladness of the heart which welcomes its King. A man can never be lonely in the same sense again when he knows that the Master is with him in the gladness of a fellowship freely chosen.

And this acceptance of the nearness of Christ, so that it becomes a thing we choose and accept and love, brings us nearer to all other human beings. For nearness to God means nearness to all the other men and women and little children in the world. The heart of loneliness is alienation. And the man who gladly practices the presence of Christ has the heart of a friend as he moves about the turbulent town, the little village, and the open country. His personal experience of fellowship with Christ is the beginning of a new social experience with men.

THE GREAT COMPANION

Jesus departed from the eyes of men to live perpetually in their hearts. So he is to mold thoughts and words and feelings and civilizations and so he is perpetually renewing the life of the world.

XII

THE PRIVILEGE OF LIVING

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee. . . . Thou openest thy hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.—Psalm 145. 10, 16.

Two men well under forty were walking down a city street at the close of a hard and testing day. They were tired in body, tired in nerves, and their eyes were a little dull and heavy. They paused to greet a little old man they knew very well. He was over seventy. He was still in business. And the end of this particular day found him lively as a cricket. There was a bright light in his eye. And there was something in his voice which suggested unabated vitality. "How do you do it?" one of the younger men asked him. "Here we are at half your age fed up and wondering if the game is worth the playing. And you are like a schoolboy keen to get into a game. Are you never tired?" The old man chuckled a little. But there was a serious light in his eye as he replied: "My

body often gets tired. It's tired now. But a man's spirit never gets tired as long as he is heartily grateful for the privilege of living."

The two men walked on in silence for a moment. Then one of them said: "I wonder if the spirit of gratitude can keep a man young. Something has done it for him."

"I would travel a long distance to discover his secret," said his friend. "It may be it comes just to this. He has kept a child's heart in the midst of the activities of a man."

There are a good many exquisite wailing voices to be heard in our time. And they are setting a good deal of our life to a minor key. They have some important things to say to us and we can by no means ignore them. But we do have a right to ask if they have told us the whole truth. We do have a right to ask if they have said the last word. We do have a right to inquire whether an honest facing of all the tragedies of life does make it necessary to enter a city of the dreadful night. We have a right to ask if there are not great

and triumphant secrets of joy which will yet transform our lives and set our activities to music.

The author of the one hundred and forty-fifth psalm was sure that he had found great secrets of gladness. He felt, indeed, that all life was full of the will to sing. And he felt that every deep and real desire God had put into human life was the promise of its own satisfaction. So he released the music of his own gladness in a happy song. He brought new spirit to every task because he was filled with gratitude that God allowed him to be a part of creation in such a glorious world. The privilege of living was a rapture in his soul.

If we stop to think of it, we will see that the recovery of the ancient rapture for living is one of the great necessities of the modern world. We have already lost the battle if we have lost enthusiasm for the fight. We have already won the battle if our hearts have the deathless gladness of those who know that life is a good gift from the good God. Let us analyze some of the aspects of this appreciation of the

privilege of living when it has really come to its own in a human life.

I. In the first place, there is the privilege of fellowship with the natural world. However we appraise it, the world in which we live is a most astonishing place. Such endless energies move through it. Such exhaustless potentialities lie folded in its heart. It is a fairyland of color. It is a storehouse of power. It is an arsenal of weapons—but just there we stop. That is just the difficulty, we say. It is an arsenal of weapons. It is a fortress. But it is against us. It is our foe. It strikes us remorselessly. It breaks down our strength. It wears out our vitality. It brings us all to defeat at last. How can we sing in a world which is against us? How can we lift a psalm over the privilege of living in a world which lies in wait to strike us down? The world is just a great graveyard. The vast majority of all who have lived in it are crumbling to dust somewhere in its recesses. It is the momentary abode of the living. It is the home of the dead.

Such considerations seem very weighty.

They seem extremely cogent when we are tired. They seem most convincing when we are weary of responsibility and are seeking for some excuse which will justify us if we refuse to play the man. We ought to suspect arguments which fit into our lethargy, and supplement our cowardice, and are the supporters of our refusal to meet life's just demands. The truth is that this vast order, which seems so impersonal and so careless of our individual needs, is the only basis upon which a good life for the race could be built. Only a world whose order can be depended upon can be the secure home for stable living. And it is when we violate the standards of this great order that we must suffer. When we conform to its structural demands, lo! it becomes our servant. We move through the open country in our railroad trains. We move across the ocean in great liners whose speed fairly ignores wind and wave. We move through the air in such flight as birds have never been able to accomplish. The world is our foe only if we refuse to learn its secret. It is the only sort of world which could be the friend of all men.

Its very uniformities make that possible. And the very victory it wins over the body at last is only the supreme opportunity for man's spirit to reveal its quality. It is to disown the very nature of this dauntless spirit to think of it as bent to the fate which meets the body. When the spirit has used the implements of this world it leaves the school whose tasks it has completed. Death is not extinction. It is graduation. And the important thing about this view of the deathlessness of man's spirit is just that it is the natural, the instinctive, the childlike view. It is sophistication which teaches us to hesitate about the undying spirit of man. And the moment we accept the natural view that the spirit has its own high destiny we have a new sense of the meaning of this natural world in which we go to school. We will not always be in its quaint little rooms. We will not always play its curious and pleasant games. We will not always meet its bruises and pains. But we will always remember our schooldays with delight. The old school will be a happy memory in many an hour when we have passed be-

yond its disciplines and when its joys seem like those of childhood.

It is a good school. It develops us as we need to be developed. It disciplines us as we need to be disciplined. And it offers us, after all, a friendly hand as we move on through the vast adventure of our deathless spirits.

II. In the second place, there is the privilege of fellowship with people. There are about a billion seven hundred million people in the world to-day. We shall not know all of them. We shall not know very many of them. But in our own place in this mighty company we shall find opportunity for the most fascinating and the most significant contact with varieties of mind and heart and temperament which will give our life much color and richness. Adventures among human spirits have an exhilaration and a delight which is all their own. There is the fresh responsiveness of youth. There is the strong decision of maturity. There is the mellow richness of age. What quantities of kinds of people! And what varied sorts of experience we may have among them!

But here, again, the objector arises. He is not ready to sing in gladness about all the people there are in the world. He only knows a few. But he knows enough—and more than enough. For he has discovered that people do not always help. Sometimes they hurt. And sometimes they hurt very badly. They get in your way. They get in the way of your thinking. They get in the way of your feeling. They get in the way of your activity. They break your heart. They crush your life. They are the most tragic aspect in the life of the world. They leave you torn and broken and lonely at last.

We have no desire to ignore this voice. We have no desire to deny the true things which it utters. But here, again, we insist on having the whole truth. And the whole truth leaves us with all the inspiration for grateful singing still in our possession. We must remember that very often the dark face which looks at us is a reflection of our own. People are a good deal like mirrors. And if we give them a face alight with joy and good fellowship, it is astonishing how frequently just that

sort of face will look back at us. Then, again, sooner or later all of us get more than we deserve at some point in life. Somewhere we taste that vicarious love which gladly lays down before us that which we had no right to hope to receive. And the very articulated evils of human existence give us some of the supreme mental and moral and social opportunities of our lives. How we come to our best in the great battles to make the world better. We live in a world of heroes because there has been a demand for heroism. All this is not an apology for evil. It is a very definite reason for saying that we can find reason for singing over the privilege of living in spite of the human evil in the world. At the best it offers a perfect wealth of human responsiveness to goodness. At its worst it offers an opportunity for resistance and victory. That amazing book, *If Winter Comes*, tells of a man who seemed to suffer everything from perverse human beings which a man could suffer. At the darkest moment he had put within his reach the power to hurt terribly the man who was responsible for his worst calam-

ity. There was a terrible struggle. And at the very crisis of the conflict Mark Sabre saw that he must not strike a foul blow no matter how many foul blows he had received. And in the moment of his victory you know what a privilege life is to the man who in the worst situation finds in his soul the power of a great forgiveness.

The great and unselfish friendships of the world have a glorious story to tell. And the creative splendor of friendship sings through it like an anthem. Life itself becomes a psalm when we have given the best and received the best in human friendship.

III. In the third place there is the privilege of fellowship with God.

We human beings want a great deal. When we have all that our fellowmen can give us we want more. We may not know how to describe it. We may not know how to define it. But we want more. We want—startling and audacious as it may seem—we want God. And clear like a clarion from eternity comes the responsive cry: God wants us. That is the last satis-

fying fact about life. That it is which really gives us our permanent capacity for song.

But here, again, the voice of the objector is heard. And it takes several forms. With all the contradictory religions of the world how can we ever be sure what God is like? And how can we possibly be sure that he cares about us? Or to put another aspect of the objection: when we hear a summons which purports to come from God how often it seems the contradiction of our dearest desires, the death warrant of our happy hopes. How can there be satisfaction in contact with a God whose will is the defeat of our own personal desires? Or, to put still another angle of hesitation, with all the robust and urgent demands of the body, what have we to do with an ethereal Deity whose will seems strangely divorced from all the hot and eager energies of this busy life? And so from many an approach the voices of objection come.

The reply is rather wonderfully simple. We meet God, if we meet him at all, at the summit of our nature. The deities which speak to us at any level lower than the

highest at which we are able to listen are not true gods. The lonely, lofty voice of the Father God vindicates its absoluteness because that voice alone can call forth the highest and the best which is to be found in ourselves. So in our own natures we can find a test. And even as the psalmist says, God is the one who fulfills desire and not the one who quenches it; that is, providing the desire is worthy. Indeed, we may say absolutely that in Christianity every "no" is on the way to a greater "yes." And the "no" is not the voice of an external God against our nature. It is the voice of the God who made us, confirming and supplementing the highest demand which is already written in our own lives. Then this intense life of vivid physical consciousness is itself interpreted and guided by the Master of life. He does not crush the body unless it tries to become a tyrant. Only when the steed tries to run away does the hand upon the lines become stern and hard. But the glow of physical well-being is, after all, only a landmark on the way to a more lofty and more satisfying experience. And the wise God who

loves us never allows the means to be accepted finally for the end.

It is this which will keep us young. It is this which will keep us strong. It is this which will keep us glad. It is this which will allow us still to sing that all God's works praise him and that he satisfies the desire of every living thing. It is the companionship of God which renews and enlarges all the fountains of life.

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson has a beautiful, poignant interest as we watch his battle for joy. How he fought with suffering and pain and weakness upon the battlefield of his invalid's bed! And what wonderful victories he won! He did, indeed, recover much of the ancient rapture of living. And he did not do it without his own renewal of the consciousness of God.

In spite of all the wailing voices it is a privilege to live. With the natural world and the world of human fellowship and the world of the divine companionship, we too in this late day in the life of the world have a right to sing.

And all this is transfigured as we see it in the light of the great life and the mighty

self-giving of the One in whose face we have indeed seen the face of God. If an old hero of the older day could sing, what transcendent melodies of gladness must we know who have seen the face of Christ! To live in the world where he lived and died and lived again is to have seen the very portals of the palace of reality open while welcoming hands summoned us to come within.

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